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Literature

Vol. II. of "The Century Dictionary"

THIS ADMIRABLE WORK, which has already taken its place as a classic though only half completed, fulfils the promise of the prospectus and our own expectations in every way. The monthly parts have come out with almost appalling punctuality, until now eleven out of the twenty-four are on the market, filling nearly if not altogether three of the promised six bound volumes into which the completed work will be ultimately distributed. Vol. I. consisted of four parts of about 300 triple-column quarto pages each (some 1200 pages in all), extending from *A* to *Conocephalitide*. Vol. II. 'takes up the wondrous tale' and extends it to the end of *F*, also about 1200 pages, of a complexity and fulness, a variety and thoroughness similar to Vol. I.

It is a triumph of intellectual engineering to throw a bridge so vast over a chasm apparently so impassable in a time so short: the Forth or the Brooklyn Bridge might well envy the swiftness and sureness, the delicacy and strength, the perfection and durability with which the work is being done. Twenty-four magnificent arches connect one end of this bridge with the other, over which upwards of 200,000 passenger-words travel from Cædmon to Tennyson, from Alfred to Victoria, from Bede to Macaulay, carrying the lanterns and illuminations, the transparencies and torch-lights of 6000 pictures and illustrations, wherein all the curiosities of the animal and vegetable world, all the wonders of art and science and invention,—sculpture, architecture, flowers and fruits and fish,—are figured in an endless Carnival procession, as in a Venetian water-picture. Never before has a dictionary of words and facts gathered together so much, discriminated its gatherings more carefully in type, made such a pleasure of a complicated page, given so much information in condensed form, or combined so many things, so many languages, arts, sciences, special dictionaries, in one. Each volume of 1200 pages contains a world in itself, much of it never before explored (in etymology and quotation at least), most of it allotted to sub-editors and specialists who are Argus-eyed and who cease not, day or night, in the perpetual search for accuracy, for new facts, for new and discriminating meanings, and new quotations. Underneath this intellectual engineering are the Century Art Department and the De Vinne Press, working also day and night on the artistic typography and illustration of the text. Hence it is that each 1200-page instalment comes to us replete with the evidences of skilled workmanship, careful proof-reading, ransacking of newest authorities, and revelations of new and hitherto unpublished researches into the history and romance of words.

One fact in connection with this Dictionary not hitherto noticed, we think, is that the work is, so far as it extends, the completest dictionary of authentic Middle- and Tudor-English, of semi-Saxon and Anglo-Saxon forms (not fictions) in existence. The foundations of its Anglo-Saxon

part are the Toller-Bosworth A.-S. Dictionary, Sweet's oldest English texts and various glossaries, Grein's Lexicon, the numerous special glossaries of the numerous A.-S. poems and prose-compilations lately published, Wright's Vocabularies edited by Walker, and the miscellaneous outpourings, in glossarial form, of the English Philological Association. The quotations from Chaucer have an added value when it is known that a large number of them come from the great Six-Text edition, and the many acute and scholarly reprints and editions of Skeat, in the Clarendon Press Series. Gower (who spun a 'lover's confession' in 60,000 lines!) is frequently quoted in illustration of idiom and word-usage in Pauli's three-volume edition. 'Piers Plowman' is constantly used to illustrate M.-E. usage in the B-text edition and by means of the other Skeat texts. The innumerable poems, glossaries and editions of the Early-English Text Society's publications have their lines, stanzas, and illustrative quotations plentifully sprinkled over these pages, with exact references and approximate dates. The older dictionaries have been found invaluable sources of information in their early and authentic editions,—dictionaries such as the 'Promptorium Parvulorum' (A.D. 1440—12,000 words), the 'Catholicon Anglicum' (1483—8000 words), Levins (1570—9000 words), Palsgrave (1530), Cotgrave (French and English, 1611 and 1675), Minshew (Spanish-English), 1621, Hexham (Dutch-English), Hulot's 'Abc-darium', Baret's 'Alvearie', Phillips's 'New World of Words' (1706); Mätzner's and Stratman's priceless M.-E. Dictionaries, the 'Ortus Vocabulorum', the Dialect Glossaries of Ray (edited by Skeat), Peacock, Nodal, Robinson, etc., old medical dictionaries and glossaries, etc., Halliwell's, Nares', Wright's Provincial English and Archaic English dictionaries, the Arber Reprints (for quotations), etc. The ground covered by the etymological dictionaries of Skeat, Kluge, Brachet, Littré, Diez (Scheler's edition), and others, has been carefully gone over again, and with results of higher accuracy and extended linguistic connection. The newer Oriental and Celtic philological works have been abundantly consulted under the direct supervision of Prof. Whitney, a veteran in researches of this kind.

So much on the general and etymological side,—the side of sources,—which is as copiously witnessed to by Vol. II. as by its companion volume. On the practical side of definition, new words, new meanings, living as differentiated from dead or obsolescent usage, Vol. II. holds well its own. In Vol. I. the editors had largely the great help of the English Philological Society's Dictionary. Vol. II. 'cuts loose' definitively from this, and stands on its own legs. The absurd plea of some English critics that Vol. I. of 'The Century Dictionary' was so good because it was 'transferred almost bodily' from its rival, appears all the more absurd, in this day of independent, honest, and original work, from a glance at the many new parts of the American book now before the public. In time the tables will be turned, and we shall then see how much the English work will be indebted to the American. Excellent examples of the exhaustive method of defining and illustrating the meanings of words living and dead may be seen in the present volume in the treatment of such words as *corner* (nine definitions, with numerous subdivisions), the verb *couch* (sixteen definitions), *counterpart*, *continuity*, *crocodilia*, *credit* (ten definitions), *Crédit Mobilier* (particularly interesting for its American history in 1863-72), *court* (three columns), *coup* (in all its French-phrase forms), *crystal*, *dagger* (admirably illustrated), *daimio*, *dark*, *darkness*, *day*, (three columns, embracing every variety of information about particular days, feast-days, etc.), *deacon*, *debt*, *decimal*, *decree*, etc. One misses under *deemster* a quotation from Hall Caine's now celebrated Manx novel. The many extracts from 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' show that this thesaurus of recent and authentic science has been diligently explored, and the paragraphs and lines from distinguished American writers and well-known American reviews reveal the fact that these have not been neglected.

* The Century Dictionary. Edited by William Dwight Whitney. Vol. II. (Conocephalus to Fa.) \$15. New York: The Century Co.

In conclusion we could only wish that the editors would find the time to add to each volume a statistical summary of the facts new and old contained in it, like the instructive summaries which Dr. Murray appends to the Philological Society's Dictionary. One would like to know the relative number of words under each letter, the number of words beginning with the prefixes *a-, be-, con-, de-*, etc.; the proportion of native to foreign words; the proportion of new matter, etc. All this would enhance the value of an already invaluable work.

Vol. V. of Palfrey's "History of New England" *

THE AUTHOR of this standard history of New England died in 1881, after four volumes of it had been committed to print. The concluding portion was left in a state of advanced preparation, and though much labor has been expended in verifying facts and supplying omissions, the work as we have it is substantially a transcript of the author's manuscript, the preface to which is dated 1876. Though slightly lacking in literary finish and the exact form which the author himself might have given it, it worthily completes the great work on which the Harvard Professor, editor and Unitarian divine spent, directly or indirectly, the best portion of his life. His son, the late Col. F. W. Palfrey, the well-known writer of recent military history, has been the editor, and to him we owe it that his father's work was not left as a torso.

Beginning with the story of the first settlement of Massachusetts, the historian closes his record with the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the appointment of Washington to the command of the armies of the united Colonies. Until that battle, which was fought for all the colonies, the life of New England had been apart, by itself, and its history could properly be treated as that of a distinct unit. Indeed it was its very isolation, geographical and political, that made the group of eastern Colonies so concentrated, powerful, and in the fulness of time so influential upon the United States. To many Europeans and Americans 'distinctive America' means that corner of it known as New England. In the fifth and concluding volume, containing Chapters 8-12 of Book V., and Book VI., progress under the two Hanoverian Kings and under George III. is discussed; but though these names of British monarchs make good figureheads to the ship of state, yet, like the old-fashioned carvings stuck on the prows of sailing-vessels, they seem, except as freight to be carried, to have had little to do with development. Indeed, one wonders whether Palfrey was not enjoying a little grim humor when he wrote their names as chapter headings, which concern his text as little as those in Protestant versions of the Bible concern the text.

The presentation of 'The Great Awakening,' with which the volume opens, is interesting, but will hardly satisfy the orthodox any better than Palfrey's general view as historian of this current of New England life. The story of military and financial matters in which we again see rustic battalions doing strenuous duty in Canada, and capturing a mighty fortress, is told with much picturesqueness of detail. Under King George, whose name serves well as a mark in chronology, the warp and woof of the story is shot through with points of light. The beginnings of literature, the work of schools, the press, the dawning of modern social life, and of culture as we understand it, bring us into a closer sympathy with the New Englanders as Americans. The word 'Congress,' which it is believed was applied even as far back as 1690—probably after the massacre at Schenectady, when the General Court of Massachusetts addressed the Governors of the other Colonies for union of defensive purpose—began to come into general conversation at this time. In the treatment of the events leading to the Revolution the author's interest warms, his pages glow, and his descriptions of the Boston Massacre and the Tea Party are very spirited. The

chapter on the Port Bill and its consequences is a masterly discussion of principles imperiled and vindicated. A list of magistrates of the New England Colonies from 1741 to 1775 is given at the end. A map of New England made by Jeffrey in London in 1774, showing Maine and Vermont, still in the loins of wild nature, nameless and unborn, is printed clearly and is very suggestive and interesting. The complete index to the entire work in five volumes, covering nearly one hundred pages, is a most valuable addition. Both publishers and editor as well as the reading and consulting public are to be congratulated that 'Palfrey's History' is now a unit.

Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain" *

NO REVIEW of moderate length can do justice to Sir Charles Dilke's latest book—a work which, in its practical value to Americans and to all English-speaking men, may be assigned a place by Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.' While Mr. Bryce has confined his inquiry to the United States, Sir Charles reviews in a masterly way the institutions, both political and social, of all the dependencies of the British crown. Most of us know the colonial empire of Great Britain in a very general and imperfect way. We are aware that India, Australia, the Cape and Canada are under the British flag, and that numerous islands of the West Indies and of the Pacific seas are more or less closely connected with England; but what the nature of that connection may be, what the institutions of the colonies, how much or how little independence they possess,—these are matters of which it is likely that few of us know anything at all.

In regard to these half-known quantities, much may be learned from a careful reading of this book. It is especially interesting to us as close neighbors to learn what relations exist between England and her American colonies, between Federated Canada and Newfoundland, or between the different States of the Federation. The influence of the French-Canadian Catholics; the condition of education; the question of tariff; the feeling for or against annexation to the United States,—these and a dozen other subjects of interest are ably dealt with by Sir Charles, who, never dogmatic, speaks with caution, dignity and reserve. Americans desirous of the territorial aggrandizement of the United States by the annexation of Canada will no doubt consider Sir Charles' opinion of the insignificance of the annexation-party in the Dominion to be a one-sided British judgment. While it is not impossible that he has underestimated the current of tendency towards political union, there can be no doubt that the strength of that current is greatly overestimated by those who dwell south of the frontier. Canada is not, in all likelihood, wildly anxious to fall into our arms, and probably the soundest political opinion upon our side shrinks also from the union of the two lands.

The Australasian colonies, for which a great future lies in store, receive full treatment, and among the graver themes of constitutions, the power of officials or the election laws, are interspersed charming descriptions of scenery and of climate. The contrast drawn between the climatic conditions of New Zealand and Australia (pages 257-8) is striking, and indeed the author's powers of description are of the finest sort. Opinion in Australasia has grown strongly, of late, in favor of the United States. In his earlier book, Sir Charles prophesied 'that the relations of America to Australia would be the key to the future of the Pacific.' This prophecy seems on its way to fulfilment. It is evident that a deep dislike, if not an even stronger feeling, exists in the Australasian colonies against the gaining by either Germany or France of any further footing in the Pacific. This feeling has found frequent expression in the Australian press, and, since our diplomatic triumph in the Samoan affair, odes to the glory of the United States as the 'true

* History of New England. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. V. \$4. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

* Problems of Greater Britain. By Sir Charles Dilke. \$4. New York: Macmillan & Co.

mother-nation of the world' have appeared in the colonial magazines. The flag of the United States is welcomed now by the Australasians as that of the future inheritors of all in the Pacific that is not already English.

Sir Charles believes in the impending dominancy of the English-speaking races, though what their ultimate relations to each other will be, is a problem which, he confesses, can only be solved in the crucible of time. Will they form a great federation with a single central government? or will they constitute a league of friendly powers, each independent in its own orbit, yet moving, like the planets, toward some undiscovered destiny of greatness?

The Protomartyr of Greek Independence *

How long shall we, O Pallikars, in fastnesses abide?

Thus sang the poet and patriot Rhigas Pheraios in the last years of the last century. His touching story is related by Mrs. Edmonds with a charm and sympathy that instantly gain the heart of the reader. This young Greek, born in (about) 1754 in the neighborhood of the Vale of Tempe, seems to have been sensible from early boyhood of the degradation of his people. In his soul stirred the impulses of the victors of Marathon, and in his heart the passion of patriotism burned and glowed until the divine frenzy seized him, and he prophesied in verses which even yet stir the enthusiasm of his race. Generous, impassioned, proud of the name of Hellene, yet compelled to see his countrymen made beasts of burden by their indolent masters, he moved to tears of patriotic rage those chosen and trusty friends to whom he chanted his strophes. Once at a ford he was compelled by a Turk to take him upon his back, in order that the 'master' might pass over dry-shod. This insult was too heavy to be borne, and in the midst of the stream he hurled his oppressor from his back and held him beneath the water till he was drowned. Fleeing from the vengeance in store for him, he passed several years in Bucharest, where he occupied a confidential position in the court of the Hospadar. During all these years his great aim was to accomplish the enfranchisement of Greece, and he partially organized the Hetaira—a society somewhat like the Corbonari in Italy—and disseminated his songs and patriotic writings. In 1796 he went to Vienna, where many Greeks were in attendance upon the University, and became the leader of a real propaganda. It occurred to Rhigas that Napoleon, then posing as a deliverer of the oppressed, might extend his beneficence so far as to restore Greece to her ancient freedom. To this end he sent to him an impassioned appeal, and with it, as a reminder of the fame which might await him as the deliverer of the Hellenes, a box made of the root of a bay-tree growing amid the ruins of a temple of Apollo in the vale of Tempe. This quaint gift touched the romantic feeling of Napoleon, and he finally summoned Rhigas to meet him in Venice. Rhigas, full of hope, had reached Trieste, whither he had sent his boxes to the care of a friend. By some treachery the compromising documents were betrayed to the notice of the Government, he was arrested, and to the lasting shame of Austria was delivered up to the Sultan. He was murdered before he had reached Constantinople, and thus, before the forty-fifth year of his age, perished the eloquent singer, the impassioned patriot, the heir of the traditions of the Persian Wars. In Athens stands a monument in his honor—the statue of a man with outstretched arms, from whose manacled wrists the links of a broken chain are hanging. This statue is not from the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles. . . . It is but a modern sculptor's,—this statue of one who has rent his fetters asunder and who is free. . . . This figure of Constantine Rhigas of Pherae, whom all Greece acknowledges as the protomartyr of her independence, represents a man by whose fiery, bardic gift the slumbering energies of his long-enslaved

people were reawakened, and who laid the first stone for the rebuilding of his country, and cemented it with his blood.

"In Tennyson Land"

WHAT A CHARMING plan it is, if one happens to be making a tour in Italy, to take up the 'Eclogues' or 'Georgics' of Vergil, the poems of Horace, or the idylls of Theocritus, and trace out from them the haunts and homes of Vergil, Horace or Theocritus,—the Mantuan farm, the Sabine villa, the *fons Bandusii*, or the Sicilian and Egyptian landscapes hot with twitter of the cicada! Itineraries of this sort, traced out in this way, score indelible impressions: we long to follow Browning through Asolo, Hawthorne through Rome, Byron at Venice, and Shelley at Pisa. 'Thackeray's London' is more moving than any other London in the world, and Heine's Göttingen is the jewel of absurd and antiquated old German cities touched with an immortal light by the chance satire of a disappointed poet who once lived there. Bayard Taylor felt the charm of Goethe's and Schiller's Weimar, and George Eliot of Rousseau's Geneva. Each of these places has a personal glamour on it, as though it owned a feather fallen from an angel's wing since these beloved and cherished spirits lingered there. 'Urbs, urbs,' Cicero was continually crying; and that *urbs*,—the Eternal City,—owes no small part of its eternity to him.

In these latter days of poet-worship, Mr. Walters, a worshipper of Tennyson, takes the poems as a guide and hunts up and down fenny Lincolnshire with them, tracing out the musings and wanderings of the Laureate as one would follow Scott in the Trosachs, Wordsworth around the lakes, or Lamb in London. Highly spiritualized as all this landscape has become after passing through the white heat of a singer's soul, enough of it remains intact, untransformed, earthly and tangible, for us to see where the poet was born, where he grew up, where he lived and loved. He has transfigured the fens of Lincolnshire more than Pindar did the bogs of Boeotia; and yet they are distinguishable,—distinguishable even through the pessimism of 'Locksley Hall,' the eery architecture of 'The Palace of Art,' the summer affluence of 'The Miller's Daughter,' and the tremulous tinkle of 'The Brook.' Searching out a poet's haunts in this way is an entirely graceful act, a homage to Tennyson in his love of nature; and whether the seeker is always accurate or not in 'spotting' the aerial rings where his muses have danced and left their dainty impress, we are at a loss to understand the ire of his son, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, who protests against it in the columns of *The Athenaeum*. It is a pity for a poet to grow testily sensitive in his octogenarianhood, and undo his reputation for good temper and amiability. Browning was as different as possible from this. For ourselves, we are thankful to Mr. Walters for his pleasant book, its charming pictures, and its happy quotations. At Oxford 'Addison's Walk' is still one of the sights of the place, and the Channel Isles get an added interest because Victor Hugo lived in one of them. Why should not Lincolnshire lose some of its plainness by association with a beautiful spirit?

Two New "Knickerbocker Nuggets" †

GOETHE HIMSELF would have been delighted could he have foreseen the exquisite form in which the first eleven books of his famous Autobiography have been enshrined (1). Such a form is like one of those lovely iridescent phials (fit for the toilette of angels) which Col. di Cesnola dug up in Cyprus,—phials whose prismatic surfaces reflect every daintiness of color and show us what the ancient eye delighted in. In such a jewel-casket is the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' now contained, with all its 'truth and poetry,' fable and reminiscence, anecdote and invention thickly encrusted in gem-like sentences about it. Famous autobi-

* Rhigas Pheraios. By Mrs. Edmonds. \$1.25. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† In Tennyson Land. By J. C. Walters. \$1.75. New York: Scribner & Welford.
† 1. Goethe's Autobiography. Books I.-XI. 5 vols. \$2. 2. Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies. \$1. (Knickerbocker Nuggets.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ographies there have been—Benvenuto Cellini's (which Goethe translated, and perhaps imitated), Alfieri's, fiery and dramatic, Rousseau's, Gibbon's, Franklin's, St. Simon's; but none, perhaps, save Franklin's, has attained the popularity of this. A great poet deliberately constructing a palace of ice over his own remains and trying to warm it with the electric shimmer of his own genius! Surely vanity and self-worship never went further in hopeless endeavor at sophistication. In Rousseau the naked savage is visible without concealment; in Benvenuto there is no effort to hide the naïve monster; but Goethe! How carefully every feather is smoothed, every plume adjusted, every mortifying remembrance sprinkled with the holy water of self-palliation, every personal perspective flooded with the most picturesque and becoming *chiaro-oscuro* or illumination, as the case may be. All the naughtiness is thrown into rich Rembrandtesque shadow; all the questionable things that crawled underneath the poet's life are either discreetly tucked away under an Isis-veil, or are so played over by the charms of a matchless style that they turn into *tableaux vivants* of animated virtues. Nobody can tell what the delicious Cypriote vases held—poison or cosmetic, philtre or filth. In the talking phial from which the silvery streams of Goethe's soul pour forth in self-confession, there is a similar doubt as to the ultimate contents.

In 'Sesame and Lilies' (2), another volume of this delightful series, John Ruskin endears himself to all young girls by his beautiful talk to them, his advice, his quaint, poetic, symbolical way of describing and counselling about things useful and fair. Ruskin was born at the Gate Beautiful, and he has been looking on beauty all his life long, till it has acted as a strange poison and turned him mad. In this reprint, however, there is no trace of aught but loveliness, refinement, the delicacy of *fleur de lis*, the tenderness and anxiety of Danaë watching over her child. This book is a sort of secular *Sacra Privata*,—a book of sacred private devotions for those who want instruction in the love of books, the cultivation of honor and grace. 'Sesame' is one of the useful grains of the Orient: it is the poetic symbol of Ruskin's utilitarianism. 'Lily' is to him the zodiacal symbol of beauty. It will be noted, however, that for once, in this book at least, Ruskin puts 'sesame' first.

Dr. Buel's Dogmatic Theology*

THE VENERABLE instructor in Systematic Divinity and Dogmatic Theology at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city has fulfilled the promise, given to the Bishop and clergy, of publishing his lectures. His work is 'A Treatise of Dogmatic Theology.' Born and reared in the Episcopal Church, and presbyter and teacher within her boundaries during most of his mature life, Dr. Buel, now in his seventy-fifth year, presents the ripe fruits of his life's study and thought. In language that is noticeably clear, and as free as possible from the technicalities of the professional theologian, he sets forth the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. His general aim seems to be to show what Christian theology, as deduced from the Scriptures, is, rather than to point out just where 'the Church' lays special emphasis. Though every page shows his familiarity with ancient and modern writers, who have wrought in the same field of study, yet the foundation and main structure are built on Scripture and not on 'the Fathers.' As an example of the catholic and Scriptural spirit of the author, he has but one chapter on 'The Church,' and that one, it seems to the reviewer—who is not of the same 'name' as Dr. Buel—Christians of all denominations can read with pleasure, edification, and an acceptance that will have in it but slight subtraction. Indeed, we imagine that not only will many evangelical believers study this work with pleasure and benefit, but that earnest men in the ranks of the Christian army will hail it as one of the signs of the times

pointing to that substantial unity for which they hope. Half of Dr. Buel's first volume is devoted to theology proper, and the other half to anthropology, and the Church and sacraments.

In the second volume, after the discussion of sacrifice and atonement, predestination and election, Christianity and unbelief and the criteria of the faith, the topics follow the general order of the Apostles' Creed—so-called. To these great themes are added luminous discussions of human freedom and the grace of God, the Roman sacrament of extreme unction, and the honor and veneration due to images and relics. In these chapters, the author appears as an earnest 'Low Churchman'—if we may use a term possibly illegitimate and scarcely fair, but perfectly well understood. Severe against the Roman ecclesiastical method and animus, Dr. Buel aims to deal with facts by the historic method and in a candid and judicial spirit. Two chapters are devoted to the 'Eschatology of the Christian Revelation,' in which the old, orthodox and historical opinions of Christendom are vigorously maintained, and the arguments of Canon Farrar in his 'Eternal Hope' as vigorously combated. The book has an index, which is more properly a table-of-contents set last, and a good one it is; though such a work ought to have, as a matter of conscience to the maker of it, both a general topical index and one of Biblical texts, and of authors quoted. Not only will the hundreds of the venerable teacher's students welcome this notable contribution to theological science, but it may be fairly recommended as a standard presentation of the consensus of the historic faith and of orthodoxy in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

Recent Fiction

'MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE' seems to have been written with the object of telling millionaires what to do with their money, and will therefore be read exclusively by those who have no money to spend in great public benefactions. These will doubtless take much pleasure in reading of Miss Mildred Brewster's magnificent schemes, and in wondering whether her model tenement-houses might not really take the shape of brick and mortar, whether the great and growing West is really so much in danger of growing in the wrong direction as is stated, and whether the prize of two per cent and a clear conscience will ever tempt anybody with plenty of money to trouble about the best manner of spending it. Miss Brewster is the ideal Boston girl, refined, not affected; learned, yet handsome withal; twenty-eight, without a love-affair, and with a creed of her own making. A rejected suitor dies and leaves Mildred a vast fortune. She immediately sets about realizing plans of corresponding magnitude, which, in her capacity of Boston girl, she had already thought out. She holds a conference of Revs. before whom she lays her plan of campaign, and starts a Christian Missionary Fund without any very hearty coöperation on their part. She corresponds with English socialists, but tries mild palliatives instead of their heroic remedies. She holds a 'symposium' of Prof. Felix Adler, Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn, Mr. Barnard, Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins and Mr. Charles L. Brace, together with sundry Jews, Gentiles, Radicals and High-Churchmen with whose aid she evolves her tenement-house scheme. She sets off on a railroad-trip to carry Eastern enlightenment into the benighted West; and meets with an accident and falls in love with her physician. Miss Lucia True Ames has put much shrewd sense into her book, which is none the worse for its acceptable spice of romance. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MISS BURNHAM's books always fulfil what is supposed to be the true function of the novel. They give pleasure unexceptionable in kind and mildly exciting in degree. The heroine, whether staid or vivacious, unhappy, or merely, for a season, unlucky, engages our sympathies. The hero's make-up is not too elaborately studied. The author seems to be aware that the importance of that rôle has been vastly overrated. The humor is genuine. The situations, sometimes surprising, are consistently natural. In short, although there is never a hint of didactic intention, one feels after reading one of these romances as he does after a good dinner, that he has done something not only agreeable but useful, and that things are decidedly the better for it. Miss Burnham's strong point is her heroines. She is lavish of them. There are sometimes half a dozen, no two alike, in a single volume. In 'Dearly Bought' there are three: Miss Rachel Saltonstall, strong and decided, fit to take the

* A Treatise of Dogmatic Theology. By Samuel Buel. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Thos. Whittaker.

tragic part of renunciation with becoming fortitude; Miss Doris Gale, beautiful, with an interesting scruple of conscience, which is explained only at the end; and Lenore Fayette, for the most part bright and cheerful in extremely difficult circumstances of her aunt's creating. This Aunt Dorothy is stingy and spiteful and hypocritical, and it seems rather out of character when she obligingly dies of a fright before she has time to kill her niece by starvation. With Miss Gale's case of conscience, a very cleverly contrived bugaboo of its kind, she furnishes, dead and alive, all the shadow that there is in the book. The humor is supplied, of the finest quality and in unstinted measure, by Miss Hepsy Nash, who, indeed, ought to have been mentioned among the heroines, were it only because of her intrepid encounter with a tenor. Her conversion to a belief in dogs and her night adventure at a strange railway-station bring out remarkable traits of character. It is while feeding the half-starved Lenore with milk and ginger-bread out of her wagon that she remarks that said young lady must be like a bronze image—'holler way down to the ankles.' 'A Sane Lunatic' is a sort of a comedy of errors, based, like Shakespeare's, on the remarkable likeness to one another of a pair of twins. Much of the novel is taken up with a description of a jaunt in the White Mountains, in the course of which one of the brothers is mistaken for the other, and the heroine, or rather the first young lady, is, in consequence, herself mistaken for a lunatic. There are some pleasant descriptions of scenery, and much amusing small-talk. (\$1.25 each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'THE CUNNING WOMAN'S GRANDSON' is a romance of the vale of Cheddar, by Charlotte M. Yonge. The time is a hundred years ago, when the caves in the picturesque valley, celebrated for its cheeses, were, at least some of them, tenanted by poor people who could afford no better habitations. One of these is the cunning woman of the story, which is mainly an account of Hannah More's struggles against their ignorance and superstition. Even Cheddar cottagers, it seems, were not very much better than savages. Granny Lake's charms will highly please the folk-lore student. Three hairs out of the cross on the back of a jackass are good for fits, and a piece of wood from a gallows will cure warts. She practises divination with a shears and a horseshoe. Philters are made of love-in-mist, which must be gathered at night. All this is but little more antiquated than the style in which it is told. (\$1.25. Thomas Whittaker.)—WILLIAM MORRIS'S prose-and-verse 'House of the Wolfings' appears in Roberts Bros.' edition of the author's works, in white and drab cover illuminated in brown and gold, and put up in a red morocco paper envelope. It is further adorned with a phototype portrait of the poet, and as a specimen of book-making is decidedly superior to the English edition. (\$3.)

THE 'HOO' is the marshy peninsula between the Medway and the Thames, and 'Thorndyke Manor,' which gives its name to Mary C. Rowsell's novel, was its principal house in good King George's glorious reign. Its proprietor, Harry Thorndyke, is easily caught in the meshes of a Jacobite conspiracy contrived by Lord Lovat and his crew for the purpose of getting hold of confiscated estates. There are crypts and dark passages and sliding panels, and ingenious villainies and fortunate discoveries. We are brought face to face with King George in his Cabinet, and with his great Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. We are shown Don Saltero's treasures, his lignified hog and his stuffed alligator, which we enjoy with the future creator of Strawberry Hill. We follow Bishop Atterbury of Rochester to the Tower, and assist at many stirring scenes. Plot and counterplot are very well managed, and the reader is kept continually in expectation of new developments to the very end; nor is he disappointed. (\$1.25. Scribner & Welford.)

THE ART OF TELLING disagreeable stories in a peculiarly charming way is one of the many gifts of the Norwegian Björnson. This is perhaps a higher gift than that of telling a charming story in a charming way. The style is a mantle of velvet thrown over an unseemly object; the words ring with a music inherent in them, and not acquired from their neighborhood or surroundings. Thus in 'Arne,' the tale with which Mr. Walter Low's translation opens, in a volume of the Bohn Novelists' Library, we have a Norwegian drama-idyll wrought of many delightful bits of landscape, dialogue, description, but pursued and penetrated by such an Imp of the Perverse, such a plenitude of provoking and jerky incident, so brusque and explosive in its manner, and so incomprehensible in its ever-changing motives, that we no more follow it than we follow a *capriccio* of Liszt, even though we are entranced with its vocal melody and spritlike changefulness. In 'The Fisher Lassie' (an old favorite newly translated) it is altogether different: the tale has the same changeable migrant charm of word that

'Arne' has, and yet it is harmonious and intelligible in evolution and end. The Norwegian literary spirit seems essentially episodic, saga-like in its dramatic dash and brusqueness, Orphic and Edaic in its poetic deliverances, swift as a mountain-torrent to pounce upon a tragic scene like the death of Nils in 'Arne,' capricious as a hawk in fluttering to new scenes, episodes and landscapes. It is the viking-spirit intellectualized: the spirit of restlessness and wandering, which now founds a mighty dynasty in Russia, now darts to the shores of the lambent Mediterranean, now breaks forth in beautiful Sicilian Norman architecture at Palermo, and anon drifts up the Seine to Paris or over the seas to Iceland: everywhere the same. This is apparently why the Scandinavians as an ethnic group have not succeeded with the novel. It is the tale, the *eventyr*, the single adventure, the fairy romance of Anderson and Björnson (in his 'Folk-Talks') into which they throw their whole souls, and which they make glow with sunlight and power like the grapes of August. (\$1.60. Scribner & Welford.)

Minor Notices

SEVERAL ATTEMPTS have been made of late years to teach the principles of economic science in a simpler way than formerly, so as to bring them within the comprehension of younger minds. We recently noticed President F. A. Walker's elementary treatise, and we have now another before us from the pen of Prof. S. M. Macvane. It is entitled 'The Working Principles of Political Economy in a New and Practical Form,' and has some merits of a high order. The views expressed are in the main those of the regular English economist; but the arrangement of topics and the method of treatment are somewhat different from theirs. The special aim of the author has been to show the bearing of economic truths on the actual processes of industry, so as to exhibit the abstract principles of the science in their concrete working. In this respect he has had good success; and his book will be at once more interesting and more useful by reason of this feature. The style, too, is quite simple and clear, except in a very few cases, where the thought is not clear. Prof. Macvane's theory of the origin of capital is in some respects an improvement on that of previous writers, and he makes a good point also in showing that interest cannot be separated from profit, except in those cases where capital is actually borrowed. His theory of profits and wages is substantially that of the English writers, the rate of wages being held to depend on the amount of capital in the country in proportion to the number of laborers. Some points in his exposition of this subject seem to us doubtful; but he has an excellent chapter on the profits of individual employers, in which he shows, more clearly than we have ever seen it shown elsewhere, how largely the gains of a successful capitalist depend on skillful buying and selling. Without endorsing all the author's views, we commend his work as a useful introduction to the science. (\$1. Effingham Maynard & Co.)

DR. FRÉDÉRIC LOUIS RITTER is an indefatigable laborer in the field of music and has done much useful work. His 'Music in America' has the merit of being the only book which attempts to cover the growth and development of the tone-art in this country. In a brief space the author has endeavored to encompass a large amount of matter, and that he has not succeeded in attaining justness of proportion is hardly a subject for wonder. It is even less surprising that he should have fallen into the amiable error of allotting considerably more space to some comparatively unimportant song-recitals by his wife in the season of 1869-70 than he has to the entire musical labors of Theodore Thomas. The additions to the book consist of two chapters which bring the work up to the present time, and of new material which fills up some of the gaps in the first edition. The author has given due acknowledgment in his preface to all from whom he got assistance except H. E. Krehbiel, who is mentioned only two or three times in the book and then in terms of condemnation. Yet it is hardly to be doubted that Dr. Ritter availed himself of the facts and figures in regard to German opera annually published by Mr. Krehbiel in the *Tribune* and in his 'Review of the New York Musical Season.' At any rate, the tables which appear in Dr. Ritter's book are identical with those in Mr. Krehbiel's work. (\$2. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE 'SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara' gives an account of the work and expenses of the Commission to the end of September, 1889, with suggestions on various points. The Commissioners estimate the number of visitors to the falls at 500,000 annually, as many as 5,000 sometimes being present in one day. They recommend the building of good roads in some parts of the reservation, with several other improvements. A map of the reservation and its vicinity accompanies the report, and the appendix contains a 'History of the Niagara River,' by G. K. Gilbert, which will interest students of

geology. (214 Broadway.)—MR. ROBERT THORNE'S 'Fugitive Facts' is an epitome of general information giving concise information upon subjects constantly arising in conversation and general reading—subjects which, 'if a large encyclopædia is consulted, . . . are often not to be found, or else are treated so exhaustively and scientifically that the average reader finds it tedious and difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the few essential facts that are desired.' In nearly five hundred pages, eleven hundred topics are considered, not in a cut-and-dried manner, but in such a way as to attract the desultory reader. (\$2. A. L. Burt.)—'RASSELAS' is an agreeable reprint of the great lexicographer's romance of Abyssinia, issued by a Chicago house. Such valued books cannot be reissued or re-read too often: they are as essential to our education as is the breath we breathe to our life. In this one production Dr. Johnson's genius showed that it had wings. (\$1. McClurg's Laurel-Crowned Tales.)

AMONG ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION, those who did business in great waters were navigators, traders or fighters, and sometimes all in one. Such a man was James Cook, whom all the world knows as 'Captain Cook.' More than anything else, Cook was explorer and navigator. He was a man of science in action. He extended enormously the boundaries of knowledge and made mighty contributions of relic, specimen and record which are now distributed among many sciences. The best of what is worth knowing about him as a man is told by Walter Besant in a baker's dozen of chapters and in fewer than two hundred pages. Cook's father was only an agricultural laborer, but the young British sailor, by scorning delights and living laborious days, became the companion of princes. Vivid, picturesque and full of fact and reason, the emphasis being laid on the important things, is Mr. Besant's story. In the last chapter, something like original research is entered into, and we have an extraordinarily detailed account of Cook's death. The 'club,' which we used to see in all the museums—one club in each, including Barnum's,—'that killed Captain Cook,' fades into mythology, and the dagger and spear emerge into history as the immediate factors. The account of the *taboo* is vividly given, and is a powerful illustration of an ancient and primitive phase of religion. A good woodcut of the great navigator forms the frontispiece of this red-bound book. (60 cts. Macmillan & Co.)—A CHARACTERISTIC sermon by Dr. Howard Crosby, on 'Will and Providence,' in which he handles very ably the eternal question of divine sovereignty and human free will, is published in a neat little pamphlet by A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (10 cts.)—'THE GREAT COMMISSION,' a plea for foreign missions, a prize essay by the Rev. Thomas Bakes, M.A., is published by the author. The method is orderly, and the presentation is timely and forcible. (Press of O. W. Hill, Lowell, Mass.)—A GOOD TEXT-BOOK of instruction on the contents and use of the Book of Common Prayer is the indexed pamphlet by Rev. Nelson R. Boss, M.A., entitled 'The Prayer-Book Reason Why.' It is in the form of question and answer. (20 cts. Thos. Whitaker.)

THE 'HISTORY of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education,' by Frank W. Blackmar, is a work of considerable length and minuteness, covering the whole ground from the first settlement of the country to the present day. The subject of federal aid necessarily occupies but a small space, but the various States are treated in detail, with particular account of those colleges and other higher institutions that have been supported in whole or in part by State aid. We are sorry to have to add that the work is written in so dry a style that it is virtually impossible to read it, so that it can only serve the purpose of a book of reference. The other circular contains the 'Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association' for 1889. The essays and discussions at the meeting of the Association were of a varied and sometimes of an interesting character. The training of teachers was the topic of several papers; but none of them presents much that is new. Considerable time was also given to the subject of manual training, many points of interest being dealt with. Dr. William T. Harris read a paper on 'The Psychology of Manual Training,' in which he endeavored to show what such training can and cannot do for the development of the mind. He expressed himself as desirous of not taking sides on the question of introducing manual work into the common schools, but his essay shows that he can never become an enthusiast in favor of the movement. Other papers and discussions on the same theme followed, the general trend of thought being clearly in favor of special industrial schools and against the adoption of manual training as a part of the ordinary curriculum. The subject of examinations, on which so much has been said of late, was ably treated by several of the essayists, whose papers will be suggestive to every practical educator. The main difficulty was admitted to be that of securing the right kind of examinations, such as would really test the powers

and acquisitions of the persons examined; while the examination of teachers presents some special difficulties of its own. (Washington: Bureau of Education.)

WITHIN THE COMPASS of eight-score pages, and in a form portable in the pocket, we now have the 'History of Egypt,' by an American master of the story of the Nile land. F. C. H. Wendel, A. M., Ph.D., of New York City has attempted the task of condensing the long story as told in ancient and modern literature, and interpreted from the monuments, excavations and *graffiti* in many languages. The style is clear, concise and picturesque. The little book is a boon to all beginners in Egyptology, and will be a handy work of reference and review to the advanced student. For the thorough enjoyment of the museums, literature and pictures of this most fascinating land, a knowledge of Egyptian history is necessary. (45 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—THE LATE Dr. George de Benneville of Germantown, Pa., who died in 1793, in the ninetyeth year of his age, was noted for having been 'the founder of Universalism in America,' and of having been in a trance of forty-two hours, twenty-five of which were spent in a coffin. The little work concerning him is a reprint of the American edition of 1800, revised and corrected, with notes and addenda, and is entitled 'Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Dr. George de Benneville.' (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazine Notes

THE leading article in the April *Scribner's* on 'Tadmor in the Wilderness,' by Frederick Jones Bliss, is mainly an account of the journey thither from Damascus, very well written and neatly illustrated. From Kuryatan the party made a dash across the desert, going part of the way by night, and arriving in Palmyra, very tired and sleepy, the next morning. Sheik Mohammed Abdallah, who has been to Paris and has French furniture in his mud hut, received them very politely; but the descriptions of the night ride in the desert and of the wonders of the river Barada (at Damascus) are the best passages of this very readable article. Benjamin Ellis Martin takes us to Islington and Enfield and Edmonton 'In the Footprints of Charles Lamb.' In the Point of View, Mr. Walter Pater's notions of literary style get a raking over, and, with them, 'poetic prose,' in which Mr. Pater is accused of having frittered away his strength. The 'Appreciations' especially are but elaborate *ennuis*. In 'Wagnerianism and the Italian Opera,' William F. Aporp indicates that the music of the future cannot be Wagnerian, though it may owe much to Wagner. He elaborately compares the latter to the Florentine music-reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The 'Electric Railway of To-day' and the various experiments being made in regard to it are described by Joseph Wetzler, M.E., who prophesies of the electric railway of the near future that it will entirely abolish horsecars within ten years and that it will enable us to leave New York at ten o'clock in the morning and eat a five o'clock dinner in Chicago in the evening of the same day.

'At Shelley's House at Lerici' Mr. Alfred Austin met a young Englishwoman, a Shelley enthusiast, to whom he bemoans in ballad metre, in the March number of *The New Review*, the failure of the reforms which Shelley urged. The change of the tyranny of king and creed for that of the grasping plutocrat is, he thinks, a step from bad to worse. Lady Frederick Cavendish proposes to establish a steam-laundry for the benefit of the morally deficient inmates of penitentiaries, who, when turned out reformed from these institutions, soon relapse into their old courses owing to want of self-control. In Lady Cavendish's laundry they would be under moral and religious control much as in the penitentiary. Mr. Frederick Greenwood is of the opinion that the world is on the eve of a grand evolution of goodness. His essay is extremely vague and shapeless, but he points out that such morals as we have and practise are a slow growth, and that they are, year by year, becoming better defined and stricter. Mr. Grant Allen hedges carefully in giving the weight of his name to the theory that animals may have developed out of plants by a prolongation of the short active period in the germ-life of the latter. In 'Sketches in Tangier' Vernon Lee describes the gardens near this town, among the sand-hills, and some Moorish interiors, women and weddings. The Earl of Durham writes on 'Turf Reform' and Tighe Hopkins, Mr. Labouchere and others on 'Anonymity.'

THE Wilkie Collins memorial, for which somewhat over \$1,500 has been raised, will take the form of a small library of works of fiction presented to the London People's Palace. Application was made for permission to erect a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, but the Dean and Chapter reported adversely. 'Other considerations than Mr. Collins's literary excellence,' they said, had to be taken into account.

Boston Letter

THE recent appointment of Mr. Heman W. Chaplin as Lecturer on Criminal Law at Harvard for 1890-1, reminds me how many of our bright story-writers depend upon the law for a living, while relying on literature to give them an occasional luxury as well as to contribute to their enjoyment and that of the public. Mr. Chaplin is the author of 'Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life,' a new edition of which has just been issued by Little, Brown & Co. The book was originally published with the author's initials only, whether from fear that his professional practice would be injured by his confession of the guilt implied in being a writer of stories, I do not know. The title of one of these stories, 'The Village Convict,' suggests the author's branch of the legal profession, but they all exhibit a certain acuteness of perception which a lawyer's practice tends to foster, while displaying a sparkling fancy that is less apt to be associated with it.

Another Boston story-writer who has achieved distinction in the law is Mr. Frederic J. Stimson, the author of 'Guernsey,' who was Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts a few years ago, and has written legal treatises of high reputation. The fact that his earlier novels appeared under the pseudonym of 'J. S. of Dale,' a character familiar to readers of Blackstone's Commentaries, indicates his attachment to legal legends, while suggesting that he sought to guard against the injury to his professional prospects which would result from boldly acknowledging himself a writer of fiction. In looking over a list of his books in which law and literature are inextricably mingled, I was puzzled to know whether 'The Residuary Legatee' was a novel or a legal treatise, though such doubts troubled me less in regard to 'The Sentimental Calendar.'

Robert Grant is another Boston lawyer who has won his spurs in fiction, while drawing his income not only from his unromantic profession but from the city treasury, which compensates him for his services as a Water Commissioner. Like Stimson he showed his taste for story-telling while at the University, his 'Little Tin Gods on Wheels' having been written when he was at the Law-School, while 'Rollo's Journey to Cambridge' was contributed to *The Harvard Lampoon*.

John T. Wheelwright, who was a college classmate of Mr. Stimson, also exhibited his literary tastes and talents during his academic life. He was the founder of *The Harvard Lampoon*, which sparkled with wit and humor under his editorship, and he wrote with Stimson that most amusing, skit 'Rollo's Journey to Cambridge,' for its pages. Mr. Wheelwright is a successful lawyer and can afford to dash off an occasional novel without fear of losing a client, though I have heard him say in jocular fashion that after a story of his came out, it took about three months to work his practice up to the average mark.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner wears his legal armor in a non-combative way; he gained his degree of LL. B. at Harvard, but does not practise in the courts, contenting himself with the salary which he receives as Librarian of the Boston Bar Association and the income from his novels. His latest story, 'The Begum's Daughter,' which has been running as a serial in *The Atlantic*, will be published before long by Little, Brown & Co. It does for Knickerbocker life in New York what 'Agnes Surriage' did for life in Boston and Marblehead in the days of the courtly Sir Henry Frankland. As an historical novelist who reproduces the spirit of a by-gone period in a picturesque and vigorous manner and invests his characters with living interest, Mr. Bynner takes high rank, and his originality and power are seen to great advantage in 'The Begum's Daughter.'

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, has become so popular in this country that her 'Dramatic Opinions,' which is to be published on April 12, by Little, Brown & Co., will attract a good deal of interest. It is written in a chatty, agreeable style, with an autobiographical flavor, and contains entertaining anecdotes of noted actors and actresses. Mrs. Kendal's long experience on the stage gives weight to her judgment of theatrical matters, and she disarms criticism by the modest way in which this is expressed. It is interesting to learn that her first appearance on the stage was as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and that she played Desdemona with a Negro Othello at the Haymarket Theatre. She afterward played Lady Macbeth at the Hall Theatre, because there was nobody else to play it except a very old lady. Mrs. Kendal gives as a reason why she and her husband always act together, that it was only on this condition that her father allowed her to marry him. In regard to actors going into society, she objects to it as a means of advertising or as taking up time which should be devoted to their profession. It is an interesting confession which she makes of the fallibility of professional judgments on plays, that she rejected 'Jim, the Penman,' because of the supposed absurdity of a man's forging his wife's name in her check-book in her presence. Mrs. Kendal believes in the verdict of the pit; she holds that public sympathy is

necessary to the actor's success, and that the criticism of the press is mainly valuable in a pecuniary point of view when it reflects the popular approval. The book has an excellent portrait of the author, and a new preface written for the American edition.

'With Fire and Sword,' an historical novel of Poland and Russia, which Little, Brown & Co. are to publish on May 3, is the first of three romances which have placed the author, Henryk Sienkiewicz, at the head of Polish novelists. It is a picture on a grand scale of the period of the Cossack war under King John Kazimir, and exhibits remarkable power of description and characterization. The author spent several years in California, and it has been said that his experience then helped to develop his peculiar vein of talent, which is marked by a caustic dry humor and laconic pathos. The novel has been well translated by Jeremiah Curtin, whose 'Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland' has just been published by the same firm.

On May 3, Little, Brown & Co. will also bring out 'The Influence of Sea Power upon History,' by Capt. A. T. Mahon, U. S. Navy, which shows the effect of maritime strength upon the fortunes of nations, and points out an element of influence upon great issues which historians have not sufficiently considered. The period embraced is from the beginning of the sailing-ship era (1660) to the end of the American Revolution. Twenty-five charts illustrative of great naval battles add to the value of the book, which is written in a clear and popular style.

Roberts Bros. have imported an edition of 'London of To-day,' by Charles Eyre Pascoe, for the season of 1890. This illustrated hand-book, which is now in its sixth year, contains a great deal of useful and interesting information. Several new features have been added to it, and it differs from the ordinary guide-book in its chatty, agreeable style, and its adaptation to the needs of people who wish to learn of the changes which are taking place in the world of London.

I heard a good story about the new Colonial Club in Cambridge, of which Col. T. W. Higginson is President and President Eliot one of the Directors. At the time when its name was under consideration, there having been some discussion whether liquors should be permitted in the Club, one of the brightest of Cambridge wits suggested as an appropriate prohibition designation, that of Prof. Horsford's ancient city on the site of which stands his memorial tower to the Northmen—Norumbega—'No rum by gar.'

BOSTON, April 7, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

London Letter

IN DEFIANCE of the bitter blast, and manfully holding his hat on with both hands, the Prince of Wales, who does not know what it is to shirk one jot or tittle of any public duty, stepped out of the railway carriage, and pronounced the magic words which declared the Forth Bridge open, on the 4th of March. I was not present—though I had almost been so,—but gazing northwards on the sleety hurricane which blew, and recollecting the altitude at which the ceremony was to take place, I could not genuinely lament. Perhaps a letter received the next morning from one of the railway directors—one, too, who cares but little as a rule for wind and weather, and who did the whole thing as comfortably as it could be done, described not inaptly the general feeling on the subject. 'It was simply awful,' he wrote, 'but I am glad now to have been there.' Exactly; we should all be glad now to 'have been' there,—but the exceeding cold of that coldest day of the present year, and the fury of that withering wind which rendered the Prince's voice inaudible to all but those by his side, must have made the whole ceremonial endurable only in the retrospect. The great work is completed, however, and with the driving in of the last rivet (gilded, as befitted the occasion) by the hands of the future sovereign of England, the Forth Bridge in *un fait accompli*. Of course, there are plenty of people to say that the game is not worth the candle, and that such a magnificent structure is wasted where it is. This may or may not be the case; at any rate the Eiffel Tower has been eclipsed, and M. Eiffel, who was present on Tuesday last, was both ardent and open in his expressions of admiration for what he justly considers a triumph of engineering skill.

England is tolerably full of foreigners attracted by one thing and another. An elderly Swedish gentleman, of some distinction in his own country, who is over here arranging for the sale of timber off his large estates, and who had never been in England so early in the year before, is immensely struck with the freshness and greenness of the landscapes generally. They are, he says, as green now as they are in his country about the end of May or beginning of June. The grass especially delights him. 'Your lawn is like emerald velvet—and emerald velvet on the roth of March!' Ought I to have told him that it is not always quite so velvet-like at this season, but that the mild, open winter we have had, has kept Eng-

land like a garden everywhere? Perhaps I ought,—but I did not: I only bade him go and look at the camellia-tree at the bottom of the garden, whose bursting buds, unfolding in the open air, were shadowed in the lake below. He will go back to Sweden and say English camellias always grow like this.

A nice book for a March day is 'A Skipper in Northern Seas,' by the author of 'Three in Norway,' which a few years ago was one of the books to be read. Both of these are somewhat in the vein of that merry little volume, 'Three Men in a Boat'; but if their fun is not quite so irrepressible and spontaneous, they have more backbone. In the latest, there are stirring chapters devoted to sport—for the party went purposely to shoot seals,—and the seal warfare is briefly described throughout. It seems, however, almost incredible that any men in their sober senses should have set sail for the Northern Seas so miserably provided for as to have only one fur coat among them! No wonder they were nearly frozen, and that the prospective warmth of the sealskin-lined garments, which were to be their trophies of war presently, failed to console and comfort. They will know better another time.

Mr. Coventry Patmore's new edition of 'The Unknown Eros' has just come to me from Messrs. Bell. In the preface, the author states that nearly one half of the present volume has been added since the poem was originally published in 1877. How full it is of beauties! How exquisitely simple and easy of comprehension in every line! Does any one, I wonder, really love to rack his brains over riddles in verse which may possibly yield a fine thought, but are quite as likely to do nothing of the kind? Was not Tennyson only Tennyson when he was lucid, coherent, intelligible? Did not Turner cease to be Turner when it was only after puzzling study that anyone could divine for what his pictures were intended? Browning Societies may sneer, but I am persuaded that if a poet or a painter cannot be at the pains to purge and clarify his own thoughts, and only when ripened and matured present them to the world, so that they shall be grasped without a mental struggle on the part of all who desire to grasp, he ceases to be read or gazed upon. In 'The Unknown Eros' there are many beautiful and tender passages, but not one unintelligible one.

Authors and publishers met together in unity at a booksellers' banquet a few days ago; the very laudable object of the gathering being to put before the publishing and bookselling trades the advantages of becoming members of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. As in the household of Dombey & Son 'there could be no mourning without feasting,' so we can do neither mourning nor anything else without feasting, nowadays. There is music in the very sound of the word 'dinner' to an Englishman's ears; and certainly the 250 literary gentlemen who assembled to hear what Mr. Longman, Mr. Aldry (of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons) Mr. Du Chailu, Mr. Rider Haggard and others had to say, on Saturday last, seemed to have been very genial and responsive, even when assured by Mr. Longman that 'poor' authors are uncommonly well able to take care of themselves, and that poor publishers are, after all, the persons to be pitied,—and by Mr. Aldry that selling books at all the bookstalls in England is not such good fun, on the whole, as it is supposed to be. The audience kept its gravity outwardly, but perhaps it smiled to itself.

Are there among you, I wonder, any lovers of 'The Newcomes,' who would have cared to pay a visit with me the other day to the ancient Charterhouse, in which the dear old Colonel passed his last days and answered his last 'Adsum'? There stands the old place, with its solemn buildings, its peaceful quadrangle, its climbing fruit-trees luxuriant with age,—in the very midst of the most crowded and most noisy part of our great city. It was strange, indeed, to step aside from the racketing thoroughfare, and to find within a stone's-throw of an uproarious market this abode of halcyon calm, this still, composed, almost mournful spot, with its unchangeable routine going on and on, as it has gone ever since its foundation. The Charterhouse School having been removed to Godalming, in the County of Surrey, has made no difference as regards the old pensioners of the Hospital for whose especial benefit the institution was originally intended. They are, however, reduced in number: having begun by being eighty, they are now fifty. They were assembling in the common hall for dinner at the curious hour of 3 P.M., when we had a peep from the Master's gallery. 'Be quick, be quick,' whispered a voice from behind, 'no one is allowed here after they are once seated at table.' But they were not seated as the speaker spoke; they were only trickling into the hall by twos and threes and forming into little groups when there,—such a fine-looking set of greybeards, all wearing the regulation black 'gown,'—a sort of loose, short cloak,—and as a rule appearing to be hale and hearty, though leaning on sticks. They were shaking hands with each other chattily. I wondered whether they did not usually meet until their dinner-hour, but forgot to ask. Breakfast, however, they certainly take in their own snug little houses,

which are ranged round the quadrangle, two or three of them being lodged in each. Were it not for a certain 'feeling' on the subject—(none of us exactly like accepting alms, unless we are beggars by profession, and perhaps those dear old Charterhouse fellows had each had something to get over before applying for the black gown)—were it not for this, I can imagine no more pleasant haven in which to cast anchor for the closing years of life, should life have been stripped of nearer and dearer ties. No trouble; no worry; no anxiety; no terrible tongue of an 'old Campaigner': nothing, in short, to mar the harmony within those peaceful portals. It was no wonder that the faces below us in the hall looked the incarnation of cheerful content: good cause had they to do so, and to bless good Richard Sutton of pious memory, who not only bought for them this spacious domain, but secured it by the thoughtful liberality of subsequent bequests. We went through the lofty reception rooms pertaining to the Master, through the gallery in which are the tablets erected to the memory of Thackeray and other 'old Carthusians' who have done honor to the school, and through the dim old chapel in which the daily service still is read. It had all the effect of a cloister. Subsequently it felt almost as strange to emerge into the 'loud stunning tide' which swept along without, as it had erst been to step aside from thence into this 'quiet resting-place.'

L. B. WALFORD.

The Lounger

FOR THE TIME BEING, Ibsen is forgotten in the more exciting discussion of 'The Kreuzer Sonata,' Count Tolstoy's last novel. The book has been exploited in England through *The Universal Review*, one of whose contributors, Mr. E. J. Dillon, heard it read in Russia and immediately prepared a synopsis of its contents for the delectation of English-reading audiences. The story, as near as I can arrive at it through Mr. Dillon's abstract, is one of jealousy and crime. The question now agitating a large part of the world, 'Is marriage a failure?' seems to be its theme. If the marriage Tolstoy describes be a fair specimen, I should answer 'Yes, and a dismal failure, too.' But I think such cases are few and far between. A writer in *The St. James's Budget* says:—

Any power or beauty which Tolstoy may have contrived to impart to his unpromising material is naturally lacking in the abstract. And as for the thesis proclaimed, the story, so far as we can see, has no bearing on it, and certainly proves nothing. . . . Even in Russia, a gloomy and bloody maniac like Pozdnyshoff is surely not a typical husband. This story simply teaches the unwisdom of leaving maniacs at large, and proves, if it proves anything, not that marriage, but that the criminal law in Russia, is a failure.

The book is not published in Russia, but copies of it are privately circulated, and the story seems to be thoroughly well-known. Those who have read it say that it out Zolas Zola. A copy has reached England, where a translation will soon be printed.

THE OLDEST SON of Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, a member of the Senior Class at Yale, has inherited a fair share of his mother's literary gifts, and is doing good work in the undergraduates' magazine—the famous '*Lit.*,'—in the last number of which he reviews 'Stepniak's' 'Career of a Nihilist' (a career, by the way, usually limited to about two years). It was a letter of inquiry, signed 'Fairfax Harrison,' that led to the recent consideration in this column of the question of 'Stepniak's' identity—a subject on which some further light is thrown in a letter from the novelist William Westall to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, with whose permission I publish it:—

I am obliged to you for sending me a copy of the mendacious and malicious paragraph about Stepniak, which lately appeared in the *Tribune*. It reminded me of a conversation I had with Mme. de Novikoff, whom I met a few years ago at the house of a common friend in London. When our host introduced us to each other, he facetiously described me as a friend of 'all the Nihilists in Europe,' especially of Krapotkin and Stepniak—of course to the lady's great horror. However, we had a talk, in the course of which Mme. de Novikoff observed that she had been in the mind to answer some of Stepniak's letters to the *Times*, but when she heard that he was the murderer of Gen. Menentzeff, she decided to have nothing to do with him, even in the way of controversy. 'Stepniak is a *nom de guerre*, as you are aware,' I said; 'do you know his real name?' 'No.' 'Do you know the name of the man who murdered Gen. Menentzeff?' 'No.' 'And then,' I asked, 'can you say that it was Stepniak?' 'I have been told so, and I believe it.'

MR. WESTALL continues in this strain:—

I am sure that the *Tribune's* story has quite as little foundation as Mme. de Novikoff's. In fact, the Russian police don't know to this day who killed Gen. Menentzeff. I cannot, of course, prove that Stepniak did not, any more than I can prove that you did not kill Cock Robin, or that I am not Jack the Ripper. I need hardly say that I have

never put the question to Stepiak. It would not be exactly 'good form' to ask your friend whether he had committed a murder, and if he had, he would not be likely to tell you. Every other statement contained in the *Tribune* paragraph I am, however, in a position emphatically to contradict, and as I introduced Stepiak to the *Times*, and have either Englished or edited every one of his letters to that paper, I speak with knowledge. His name is not Kazheffsky; he is not now, nor ever was, either a permanent member of the *Times* staff or one of its regular contributors. He never was, any more than he is now, its principal adviser on 'contemporary Russian' or any other affairs; and, finally, no communication from him of any sort whatever has appeared in the *Times* for over a twelvemonth. The articles about the treatment of political prisoners in Siberia are by another hand—whose, I know not. The suggestion that somebody—presumably Stepiak—is flooding America with descriptions of Siberian atrocities 'in order to create a popular interest in his proposed course of lectures,' is worthy of the quarter from which it emanates.

READERS of this column whose interest has been awakened in the valuable collection of autographs presented to the Iowa State Library by Mr. Charles Aldrich of Wester City, will be pleased to learn that the State Legislature has appropriated \$3000 for the purpose of enlarging and perfecting the store of literary treasures already housed at Des Moines. Wisely expended, this sum will do wonders in the way of procuring noteworthy manuscripts. Iowa is to be congratulated on the public spirit of its collector and the liberality of its law-makers.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER has been addressed to the editor of THE CRITIC:—A writes a story; submits it to a leading magazine; gets it back. Three months afterward the magazine prints a story by B. There is a striking agreement between the two stories in these particulars: their leading people have precisely corresponding characteristics; act from similar impulses; accomplish the same things in the same way. Both stories swing around an ellipse with common foci—say two pictures,—and these suggest the title of each story. Not the slightest suspicion of unfairness exists—a coincidence pure and simple. B could never have known of A's story; besides, he is much too honorable to appropriate others' belongings, and much too clever to need to. He treats his material more artistically, and naturally succeeds where A naturally fails. Would A be justified in offering his MS. to another publisher,—supposing that the slightest possibility of marketing it remained? If so, would it be honest to sell his story without calling attention to B's?

AS THE EDITOR does not like to pass informal judgment on a hypothetical question that may come before him for judicial consideration later on, he has turned this letter over to me; and while I am not a Philadelphia lawyer, nor an unriddler of cipher-despatches, I venture to say that A would be justified in offering his story for publication wherever he thought he could find a purchaser, but that he would save himself considerable vexation of spirit and possible chagrin by stating the circumstances, as above narrated, when he submitted the MS., rather than waiting till the story was published, and the indignant publisher came down upon him for an explanation.

The *Athenæum* has an idol, and the name of that idol is Algernon Charles Swinburne. It devotes column upon column of eulogy to every new book that bears his name upon its title-page. His latest work—'A Study of Ben Jonson'—is said to excel, in the matter of style, all his previous prose writings. 'Never before have his periods flowed in such a dazzling stream,' are the concluding words of a review, in two numbers, that fills about ten columns of solid type. The fact may not be pertinent, but Mr. Swinburne is an inmate of the household of the gentleman who writes *The Athenæum's* principal reviews of books of verse.

The *Christian Intelligencer* characterizes as 'simply incomprehensible' the statement, in a review in these columns of Mr. Bigelow's *Life of Bryant*, that, 'descended on the maternal and paternal sides from ancestors who crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower, Bryant came of the truest American stock.' 'Men descended from the Hollanders who settled on the Hudson River,' says the *Intelligencer*, 'or from the Scotch-Irish who were scattered in Pennsylvania and the Southern States, are of just as true American stock.' The writer of the review in question is of mixed English and (Pennsylvania) German descent, and has more than once combatted, in these columns, New England's claim to be 'all America.' But if descent on both sides from ancestors who came hither 270 years ago, from the land that is most like ours, does not give one the right to be regarded as of 'truest American stock,' what does?

Certainly the Dutch or Scotch-Irish element is no whit 'truer.' Moreover, the writer did not say 'of the truest' but 'of truest.'

THE BOSTON *Transcript* has got a good joke on the *Giornale di Sicilia* of Palermo, Italy, which recently announced the publication in its columns of 'Leone: The Romance of a Brigand Chief,' translated from the English of 'a distinguished American author.' The author, as it happens, is Luigi Monti, A.M. (Harvard), a native of Palermo, and the original of Longfellow's young Sicilian in the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' He is well known in Boston as a teacher, writer and lecturer, and his book appeared some years ago in the Round Robin Series.

Book News for April prints a brief biographical sketch of James Bryce, abridged from *The Century*, to accompany a frontispiece portrait of that distinguished college professor, man-of-letters and man of affairs. The suit for \$50,000 to salve the wounds inflicted in the first edition of 'The American Commonwealth' upon the valetudinarian reputation of ex-Mayor Oakey Hall, of Tweed Ring memory, still drags its slow length along in the English courts; and Americans who approve of Prof. Bryce's effort to make an absolutely trustworthy report of affairs as he found them in the Great Republic, would demonstrate their interest in a very practical way by putting in his hands any information tending to support his allegations of the Tammany Mayor's complicity with the Ring. Mr. Bryce may be addressed in care of his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., either here or in London.

THE MONASTERY of the Grande Chartreuse has discontinued its suit against certain liquor-dealers in the Bowery, on an assurance that the infringement of its rights on which the suit was based was unintentional and would not be repeated. One need not be a churchman, I take it, to rejoice when the Church wins so notable a victory over the powers of darkness. Competition is the life of trade, but in this case the competition was not quite fair.

Mr. Lovell on Cheap Books

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In the notice of what you are pleased to call 'The Lovell Book Trust,' you state:—'So it seems that the lack of International Copyright is not to mean "cheap books" any longer.' I regret that the trade circular recently issued should have conveyed this impression to you. There is no thought of increasing the retail prices of what have been known as 'cheap books.' The retail prices of the Seaside Library, Lovell Library, and Munro Library will still remain 10 and 20 cents a number, unless the threatened change in the postal regulations, increasing the postage 800 per cent, is made. The only regulation sought is in the direction of trade discounts. In the past, these have operated to the injury of the regular book-seller; the dry-goods houses and other large buyers often retailing books at a lower price than the regular trade could buy them for. It is to the interest of American authors to establish a price consistent with the size, quantity any quality of material used in all books, whether protected by copyright or not. The American author has been driven to the wall by the economy in the production of English works, and the cheapness necessitated by the competing editions of all popular novels from abroad. Whatever slight advance in price may be made in future will be amply compensated by superiority of manufacture and material. There is no desire to 'run' any one out of business, but the time was ripe to abandon the suicidal discounts which have characterized the last few years. When there is a margin of profit for the publishers, he can make concessions to the trade which were impossible when the cost of manufacture and the wholesale price were the same.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1890.

JOHN W. LOVELL.

International Copyright

THE FOLLOWING letter will probably stop the mouths of those opponents of International Copyright who have claimed Mr. Gladstone as an ally:—

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, March 25, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR:—I set so high a value upon the recognition by the United States of the principle of International Copyright, a principle which has been now almost universally adopted in Europe, that although I regret some of the provisions of the bill now before Congress, I cannot refuse to express my sympathy with the efforts which American authors have so perseveringly made to procure legal protection for the rights of foreign authors, and my hope that these efforts will be speedily crowned with success. Imperfect as the present bill is, it will, if I rightly read its provisions, place both

American and non-American authors in a more equitable position than they have hitherto occupied.

It is quite erroneous to suppose that I have formed any opinion in favor of the Royalty scheme as against this bill. I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.
R. U. Johnson, Esq., Secretary American Copyright League.

The Washington Memorial Arch

FROM APRIL 1 TO 7, inclusive, Mr. Stewart received \$187 from the following subscribers, making the total receipts to the latter date \$75,701.94:—

\$91.—Subscribers to the Women's Fund, through *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

\$50.—George W. Seligman.

\$25.—John T. Agnew.

\$10.—'R. S. E.' \$5.—'A of C. N. Y.'

\$1 each.—Mrs. John H. Draper; Miss Milfred K. Eagle; Chas. Appleby; 'S. J.' 50 cts. each.—Julian Brambon; Olga Brambon; 'Noisy'; 'Alderman.'

Helping the University of Toronto

THE EFFORTS of the University Restoration Committee are meeting with a gratifying measure of success. Generous donations of books have been made by private individuals, publishing-houses, graduates and others, by sister universities in England, the United States and Canada, and by various public institutions. Among these may be mentioned the gift of the University of Oxford (500l. from the publications of the Clarendon Press), and Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s donation of between 200 and 300 volumes. G. P. Putnam's Son's, Charles Scribner's Sons and the Century Co. have sent donations; and gifts of books have also been received from the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons (London), Harvard, Queen's and McGill Universities, and from the Libraries of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, the House of Commons of Canada, and the Bureaus of Ethnology and Education, the Coast Survey, the Surgeon-General's office, and other of the Departments at Washington, these latter donations being especially valuable. The Governors of Michigan and Vermont were among the first to send books. Subscriptions are now being raised among the pupils of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario, which prepare matriculants for the University. The graduates of the University are everywhere coming to the aid of their Alma Mater. The subscriptions to the Library now amount to 4000 volumes and \$35,000. The Province of Ontario has given \$160,000 towards the rebuilding. The Province of Quebec, with French grace and courtesy, has voted \$10,000 to the Library fund. The City Council of Toronto has given \$200,000, and the Trustees of the University have a subscription-list already reaching \$60,000. The Government of the Dominion of Canada have remitted the Customs duty of 15 per cent. on all books to be imported for the Library—a concession probably worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000. All the great carrying companies of Canada, the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways, will carry the books free of charge, and in this work several of the American roads have promised to co-operate. Much yet remains to be done, and the friends of the University are all invited to help to accomplish it.

Jefferson's Dr. Pangloss

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your appreciative notice of Mr. Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss, the writer says: 'It is impossible to believe that the gentle if eccentric creature whom Mr. Jefferson depicts could be as contemptible as the Pangloss of the play undoubtedly is. It is only in the coarseness of his nature that any excuse can be found for his conduct.' First, is he so eccentric in his love of money, gotten any how, without reference to 'value received'? Let each of us question himself. Again, is it contemptible to be bribed, except to set your bribe at the modest sum of 300l. a year, for each briber? Ask our public servants. Thirdly, is his nature coarse—any coarser, at least, than that of a large proportion of those who are striving to get ahead? And, finally, does he or anyone else try to excuse his conduct? I am a reader of newspapers and a student of men and their motives, and I fail to see anything at all unusual in the attitude of Dr. Pangloss toward money, except that he has not the true, Anglo-American hypocrisy. Most people in selling honor and duty sell it with a protest at such a low figure. There is nothing more inconsistent in Mr. Jefferson's presentation of the part than is to be found in all our inconsistent humanity. The revelations of gifted souls about themselves from Benvenuto to Carlyle show us the highest intelligences tumbling from heaven to

earth at the touch of gold—or even copper. Pangloss is a gentle but truthful satire. The classics do not wash the soul clean any more than art or philosophy, literature or science. Feminine, insinuating, cowardly, always at heart a beggar and a hound, but amiable delicate, sensitive to the uncouth people who surround him, disliking the filth from which his money has to be picked yet loving the money more than clean hands, Pangloss is no more an anomaly than some of our acquaintances, nor, alas! than an ever-increasing number of our public men. The fine genius of Mr. Jefferson alone could interpret it; a coarser actor would miss the point and with it the lesson to all of us, men and women.

NEW YORK, April 7.

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The Fine Arts

The National Academy's Sixty-fifth Exhibition

THE MOST NOTABLE pictures at the sixty-fifth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design are Kenyon Cox's 'The Approach of Love' and Horatio Walker's 'A Barnyard.' Mr. Walker is the painter *par excellence* of the porcine race. We doubt that even Morland has ever done anything much better than the pigs in this barnyard picture, and in certain matters of technique, the handling of values especially, Morland is nowhere in comparison. The pigs have a right to be proud of the manner in which Mr. Walker has treated them, and should make him a present of their best bristles by way of acknowledgment. Mr. Cox's picture is the boldest attempt at splendor of color that the Academy has seen in some time. He is evidently still under the influence of Mr. Watts; but that influence is lessening rapidly without the subtraction of any valuable quality. At one end of a marble bench, nearly filling the picture, a nude female figure is half reclining on a mass of yellow drapery. A small blue-winged Cupid is climbing up on the opposite end of the seat. Between the two a flower makes a vivid spot of red against the white marble. The background is of pale blue sky, and rich green foliage with red apples. The flesh painting is quite solidly done and, more than all else, shows an uncommonly good eye for color. The picture is a distinct achievement, which can hardly be too generously acclaimed; and it still gives promise of better things to come. Mr. Cox's portrait of 'Roger D.,' a little flaxen haired boy in a sailor costume, is also a notable picture, and, questions of likeness apart, the best portrait in the exhibition.

The show, taken as a whole, is a mixed one. It is far from being monotonously good, but there are many good paintings, and if the hanging committee had been blindfolded, they could not have been more impartially mixed up with the bad ones. Let us note Homer Martin's 'Wild Coast near Newport'; W. H. Lippincott's 'Love's Ambush,' a pretty girl of Colonial times hiding behind the door as her lover enters; Parker Hayden's carefully painted landscape, 'A Rocky Pasture'; and E. L. Week's 'Brass Bazar in India,' in the north gallery. In the east gallery, Howard Russell Butler's glowing 'Church of Aguas Calientes' demands more than a passing glance. In the south gallery there are 'The Old Corn-Shucker' (skied), by John Mc L. Hamilton; 'Milking in Holland,' by H. Williamson; Will H. Low's pretty allegory, 'Love Disarmed'; Walter E. Nettleton's girl knitting 'In a Breton Lane'; Ed. S. Siebert's 'Indian Summer on the Bronx'; and Mr. Wyant's 'Afternoon,' with a particularly fine sky—an excellent example of this veteran landscapist. F. D. Millet's 'Antony van Corlear' properly occupies the post of honor at the end of the room. It is a large and ambitious picture, with many figures well grouped in the dim New Amsterdam interior. One may dwell with pleasure on the tone of Antony's doublet and the texture of the girls' white aprons. The faces are expressive, the attitudes are varied, the drawing is good, the technique faultless, the whole hangs together yet makes but a slight impression. Mr. Chase's portrait of 'Little Miss H.' is unusually spotty in effect and has the look of a mere finger exercise, without artistic intention. J. Alden Weir has a good sketch of dogs at rest on the hearth; ' Fireside Companions' it is called. His 'Summer,' in the west gallery—a study of a female head in shade against a hazy background,—is at once vaporous and edgy, yet it is successful as regards the particular effect aimed at. Walter Shirlaw's 'Rufina' is a fine study of the nude, very rich in tone. Henry Oliver Walker's 'Mother and Child' is a charmingly simple presentation of this world-old subject, as well painted as it is unaffectedly graceful. Hugo Breul's 'Telling the Bees' is one of those big canvases which young artists turn out in their last school year. It is very well done but shows no considerable originality. Thomas W. Dewing's 'A Portrait' has a certain air of distinction, and is probably the last picture over which one will care to linger in the main gallery.

In the west gallery are George W. Maynard's mermaids, 'In

'Strange Seas,' strangely blue. A little landscape by James Henry Moser, 'Springtime,' is remarkable for its atmospheric effect. In the corridor, Childe Hassam's 'After Lunch,' two girls in a garden, one tending flowers, the other reading, and William L. Dodge's 'A Study' of the nude in sun and shade, will be noticed. On the stairs are two excellent heads in pastel by A. B. Shepley and Edith S. Sackett. The show of sculpture, which is better than usual, includes Mr. French's portrait bust of a young lady; Mr. Hartley's 'John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle'; J. Massey Rhind's group, 'An Act of Mercy'; and Henry Linder's two bas-reliefs, 'Telling Stories' and 'Crowning of Cupid.'

Paintings at the American Art Galleries.

MR. CHASE is easily first of the group of American artists whose works are now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. The exhibition is in part made up of paintings loaned by private owners, in part of recent works sent by the artists themselves. To a certain extent, therefore, it is representative, although few of the artists appear to have been able to induce the owners of their best works to send them. Mr. Chase has suffered as much as anybody, perhaps, in that way; yet he makes a very interesting showing. Of a number of small, mirror-like bits of landscape, we would draw particular attention to 'Early Morning in the Park,' 'A Bit of Long Island' with a gunner wandering through an oat-field, 'Brooklyn Docks,' a bit of a grass grown fort, a marble-yard with blocks scattered about, and a 'Scene in Brooklyn Navy-Yard.' His portraits are usually efforts at arrangement of color and sweeping brush-work; but when as successful as the full-length 'Portrait of Mrs. D.' in pink, or that of 'Mrs. C.' in black, they have their charm. F. D. Millet has been lucky enough to secure two of his very best single figure-pieces—'Lacing the Sandal' belonging to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke and the 'Pompeian Girl' owned by Mr. T. L. Manson. The former is a study in white—a small female figure in a Coan vest against a marble wall, with, by a happy disregard of place and date, a tree of Florida coral in flower near her. The 'Pompeian Girl' bearing a vase on her shoulder is in various tones of dull red. There are interesting landscapes by C. H. Eaton, Minor, Wiggins and Rehn; some pretty water-colors by Charles Melville Dewey; animal studies, coarse but vigorous, by H. R. Poore; a number of dashing studies of army and frontier life by Frederic Remington, and some pleasing portraits and other paintings by J. Wells Champney. Each artist's work is kept together, which adds much to the attractiveness of the show.

Art Notes

ON Easter morning the congregation which gathered in All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, to participate in the services and listen to a sermon by Bishop Doane, had an opportunity of admiring a rose window of colored glass, recently put in the wall above the great entrance to the Cathedral and unveiled on Easter eve. The glass was designed by John La Farge and is the gift of the Misses Clarkson of Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. Simple stone mullions divide it into a central circle and twelve radial panels, with outer ends of trefoil form. The lines of stone separate the panels, but are too slender to break the window's unity. Angels, aureole-crowned, fill the panels of the circle; their wings seen in the trefoils. In the central circular panel are two saints; one, expressing the deep peace of pardon after penitence, leans her head upon the other, whose upturned brow beams with joy.

—The main window of the new Chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, representing the Sacred Heart, and four others, representing Saints Catherine, Lucy, Cecilia and Anthony of Padua, executed by F. X. Zettler of Munich, have just been set in place by Benziger Bros. The Chapel was dedicated on Tuesday.

—Sir John Everett Millais is painting a portrait of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Miss Endicott of Salem, Mass.

—The twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened at the Fifth Avenue Galleries on the 28th inst.—a little earlier than usual. It is thought probable that many members have held back their best things for this exhibition, instead of sending them to the Academy.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton will be the agent here of an illustrated catalogue in six large volumes of the decorative-art museum of Frédéric Spitzer, to be called 'La Collection Spitzer.' There will be 350 full-page plates of a high order, one-half of the number being colored, together with more than twice as many representations in the text from pen-and-ink sketches. The collection embraces from thirty to forty divisions of ivories, tapestries, terra-cottas, bronzes, illuminated MSS., Venetian and Bohemian glass, locks and keys, arms and armor, Faience and Palissy ware, enamels, rock-crystals,

etc. The examples of letterpress and illustrations contained in the prospectus give assurance of admirable work.

—The April *Art Amateur* gives a colored plate of a Welsh cabin, with its door-yard full of sun-flowers, geraniums and nasturtiums, very brilliant against its slate-grey walls. It is from a water-color drawing by Bertha Maguire. A stalk of 'Easter Lilies,' by the same artist, stands out, as if in relief, from a background of Quakerish drab. The frontispiece is a portrait of Vierge, the pen-draughtsman. 'Pen-drawing for Photo-engraving' is continued. There is an article on 'The House Without'—without what is not stated,—illustrated from London houses old and new. An article on 'Charcoal-Drawing' is followed by a series of practical notes on the same subject.

—Scribner & Welford announce a volume on the Barbizon school of painters, including Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Millet, and Diaz, with letter-press by D. C. Thomson, and elaborate illustrations to the number of about one hundred.

—An exhibition of wood-engravings, etchings and relief engravings by W. B. Closson was opened at Keppel's gallery on March 24. Mr. Closson is well-known as a very successful wood-engraver of others' designs. Most of the works now shown are original, and by a new method for which greater freedom is claimed.

—A handsome etching of Millet's 'Angelus,' by Frederic Jacque, son of Ch. Jacque, the celebrated animal and landscape-painter, is published by E. Bénézit-Constant of 69 Avenue de Wagram, Paris. It is of the full size of the painting, and has been highly spoken of by the French critics. Other works of F. Jacque, of which first states are shown, are 'Spring,' a boy and girl feeding chickens in a lane, and 'The First Ride,' in which a baby is the rider, and a sedate old sheep is his mount. Both subjects are after paintings by Ch. Jacque. A clever etching by E. Monselet after Henner's 'Saint Sebastien,' is also shown at 46 Irving Place, where M. Constant may be seen for the present.

—The Grolier Club has put on exhibition a number of paintings, drawings and etchings by Whistler. The etchings supplement those at the Wunderlich gallery. The exhibition begins with the Venice set and includes the new Amsterdam etchings, now shown here for the first time.

—The collection of art-objects belonging to Mr. E. Joseph of London is to be sold at auction at Christie's in May and June. The English miniatures of the collection were among the principal attractions at the Bartholdi Monument Loan Exhibition in this city, and other portions of it, such as the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. French silverware, the porcelains, Florentine metalwork, ivories, enamels and gems are highly spoken of by experts in these matters. The catalogue is to be sumptuously printed and beautifully illustrated.

—At the dinner of the National Academy of Design, which took place on Tuesday evening in the south gallery of the building, covers were laid for 125. President Daniel Huntington presided. At his right and left sat Wm. E. Dodge, Henry G. Marquand, Chas. S. Smith, Andrew Carnegie, Sir Donald Smith, the Hon. E. J. Phelps, J. S. Kennedy, Cornelius Vanderbilt, George William Curtis and Parke Godwin. The first speech of the evening was made by Mr. Huntington, who gave an interesting history of the Academy. He was followed by Messrs. Curtis, Godwin, Joseph H. Choate and others. Louis C. Tiffany, Col. L. P. di Cesnola, W. T. Evans, F. J. de Peyster, J. W. Pinchot, J. Seligman and H. Drisler were also present.

—Several large landscapes in the Munich manner by Prof. Karl Heffner have been added to the works of modern art at the Avery galleries. This is the first collection of the artist's works which has been shown here, though his paintings are familiar to visitors to London, where he lives.

Current Criticism

IBSEN'S MORALITY.—Will you allow a hearer of Mrs. Winslow, though not in Washington, to add her opinion to the correspondence on the Ibsen readings? I heard the 'Doll's House,' which was delightfully read, although the omissions and alterations, perhaps unavoidable before a mixed audience, perceptibly altered the tone and tendency of the play. Mrs. Winslow's conception of the heroine's character, also, appeared to me somewhat different from the author's; but this is common to all dramatic representations. Which two Hamlets are alike? and who is to decide which best conveys Shakespeare's own idea? The audience were charmed with the reader, but most of them expressed afterward a decided dislike and disapprobation of the author. There were few very young people present, and indeed I think they were better away, although there is no reason that I know of why their elders should not hear and

read Ibsen. He is a prominent figure in modern literature, and undoubtedly a man of genius. His dramas have passages of great power, and his lyric poems are superb, and captivate the imagination even in translations. Lillian T. Black calls him 'foul-mouthed' truly enough, if that means that his works are full of improprieties, excessively, designedly and unnecessarily introduced. But so are those of some of the finest authors in the classical literatures of all nations. That he regards no 'human law' is also true. Indeed, according to his warmest admirers, his great object is utterly to destroy the whole fabric of legal and social order. As to 'divine law' the case is different. Very possibly he would take exception to the phrase as recognizing the existence of a God; but he has his own ideas as to right and wrong, though certainly widely apart from those of the Sermon on the Mount. His principal tenet seems to be that every one's first object should be to secure the freest and fullest development of his or her—particularly her—own individual nature with but slight regard to others. But if this repel us, let us remember for how many ages it was considered a Christian's first duty to save his own soul; careless of, and even exultant over, the fate of the eternally lost sinner; and we shall perhaps allow that there is an ugly side to human nature, which gives point to the pessimistic spirit in Ibsen's writings. If it seem to us unlovely, we have learned the most useful lesson they can convey, and had better pass on to other and more wholesome food for the mind.—*A Massachusetts Woman, in the Tribune.*

THE RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT IN BLACKMORE'S NOVELS.—The author of the article in *The Atlantic* raises the question as to the history of these rhythmical passages—whether they were formed deliberately or came spontaneously. To me the answer is very plain. Blackmore is a true poet, as several volumes of poetry, published before he issued his prose works, amply prove. In changing to prose, he of course dispensed with rhyme; but he could not divest himself of the poetic genius which was born in him. Hence these rhythmical sentences crop out very naturally in spite of all prose limitations. In fact, in one instance in 'Lorna Doone,' he seems to have forgotten just where he was, and, like Mr. Wegg, to have dropped, not only into poetry, but also into rhyme. Note the following:

This good nobleman kept his money
In a handsome pewter box,
With his coat of arms upon it,
And a double lid and locks.

Talking, not long ago, with a visitor to the Ames Library in North Easton—a lady, who is a reporter for one of the Boston newspapers—I asked her whether she had read 'Lorna Doone,' and, if so, how she liked it. She replied: 'Oh, yes; I have read it twice, and like it greatly.' I added, 'You of course enjoy the trochaic movement so common in it?' I saw at once that she did not comprehend my question. After I had explained what I meant, and shown her several examples, she said: 'I never noticed that before! I must read it again, just for that.' If other admirers of 'Lorna Doone' are moved to 'read it again, just for that,' I shall feel that I have not written these paragraphs in vain.—*Charles R. Ballard, in The Literary World.*

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN RURAL PLACES.—The religious problem in America is a very grave one, though I am sanguine enough to believe that it has elements of equal promise and hope. In such a paper as this I cannot, of course, undertake to discuss even a mere fragment of it; but I may perhaps venture to suggest how it is related to the subject which I have thus far been considering. In a general way, religion stands pre-eminently for the teaching that inculcates, and the motives that promote and strengthen good morals. But nobody will pretend that, in the great majority of cases, it might not, with greater advantages of various kinds, promote them far more efficiently. A higher standard of culture and character in the clergy, improved conveniences for public worship, for the religious training of children, a due (not an undue) regard to the influence of the imagination and the poetic sense in connection with such means as are usually employed to awaken nobler aspirations, enkindle faith, and upbuild, often in the midst of a very coarse materialism, the spiritual life. In his 'Gospel of Wealth,' Mr. Andrew Carnegie puts this in a very striking and admirable way. . . . It is certainly not amiss that ministers should be partially dependent upon their people. It is not desirable that any one who is set as a preacher and teacher of righteousness should be absolutely so. There is a painful page of our American religious history just here, which at this moment I do not care to turn. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn'; but too often there is no remonstrance when insolent wealth, sitting in the vestry, or in the session, or in the pews, threatens to 'stop the supplies,' and so

effectually muzzle the mouth of the anointed witness for God and duty and righteous dealing. We should have a higher type of manhood, of rectitude, of purity, of political and personal honesty in Wall Street and in Albany, if we could have a higher type of truth-speaking and God-fearing manhood in the pulpits of the land. Here is a chance for wealth. Let it endow some rural pulpits, and then leave the trust in wise and faithful hands that will see that it is wisely administered. Imagine such an endowment committed to the wisdom and integrity that to-day administer so many of our American colleges! It might even be entrusted to a bishop occasionally.—*Bishop Potter, in the Tribune.*

MAUPASSANT'S INDEPENDENCE.—M. Guy de Maupassant is one of the younger authors who started out some ten years ago under Zola's lead, and for a long while upheld the naturalist banner with remarkable talent. He was one of the most independent of the band that gathered round the master at Médan. One of his favorite expressions used to be that there were three things a man-of-letters who respected himself ought not to do: accept a decoration, become a candidate for the Academy, or write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Little by little M. de Maupassant has outgrown the influence of Zola and is turning psychologist. With this evolution a change has come in his ideas. He has thus far refused to be decorated, and has not yet joined the numberless aspirants for M. Emile Augier's vacant seat at the Academy, but he has consented to write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The publication of his new novel in the venerable magazine will begin shortly. Zola on the threshold of the Academy, Manet's friends knocking at the door of the Louvre, and Maupassant writing for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*! How the ghost of the elder Buloz must tremble at such progress! M. de Maupassant's forthcoming novel is entitled 'Our Heart,' and is a study of the modern Frenchwoman—that is to say, it will be an analytical novel, and not one of simple observation. The author believes that each generation of women is different from the preceding one, and has other conceptions of life and love. The French grandmothers loved romantically; the women of the Second Empire loved joyously; while the women of to-day, although elegantly refined, intelligent, charming, and graceful, are incapable of experiencing a sentiment or an affection that fully satisfies their heart or senses.—*The World, London.*

LITERARY CLOG-DANCING.—I wrote not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a 'poet.' 'When you write in prose,' I said, 'you say what you mean. When you write in verse you say what you must.' I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in, when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. Consider under what a disadvantage your thinking powers are laboring when you are handicapped by the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary! You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word *stars*. Were you writing in prose, your imagination, your fancy, your rhetoric, your musical ear for the harmonies of language, would all have full play. But there is your rhyme fastening you by the leg, and you must either reject the line which pleases you, or you must whip your hobbling fancy and all your limping thoughts into the traces which are hitched to one of three or four or half a dozen serviceable words. You cannot make any use of *cars*, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about *scars*; 'the red planet Mars' has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant *tars*; what is there left for you but *bars*? So you give up your trains of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of *bars*. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill matched syllables?—*Dr. Holmes, in The Atlantic.*

THE POOR AMERICAN AUTHOR.—Of all the silly superstitions that have survived out of the credulous past, none is sillier than the notion that literature ought to work for nothing and find itself. The most prosperous writer in our country probably gets no more for his work than tens of thousands of lawyers and doctors each receive; but in a civilization where every office rendered to the commonwealth is paid for, where every conceivable service from man to man has its wage, it is felt that the author if paid at all ought to be underpaid; that he is the only laborer unworthy of his hire. . . . Mr. Phelps says that book-making has become a trade, and that

profit is its chief end. For the present we will not deny this, but we warn all those intending to go into the business with a view to profit as the chief end, that there is not much money for the amount of work in it. In spite of Mr. Phelps's confidence, however, there is probably no man or woman in the country intending to go into it with that view. Those who love literature have at least wit enough to know that they will never become rich by it; and that probably they will always remain poor. They know that if by some rare fortune a man writes a book of permanent pecuniary value, his grateful country will, after forty-two years, anticipate his wish to become a public benefactor, and will confiscate his property in it, throwing it open to any of his fellow-citizens who may like to steal it. Nevertheless, literary men do hope to live by literature, because they pursue it as their happiness, and because it is often impractical to borrow and always disagreeable to starve; but they know they have not the right to expect much more; and they are willing, as such men and women in all times have been willing, to lead those 'studious and self-denying lives' which Mr. Phelps says are now almost things of the past; though he would not have said so, we think, if he had looked about him in a university town like New Haven, where there is probably as much devotion to the humanities 'regardless of gain' as ever there was among the same number of scholars anywhere in the world.—*Mr. Howells, in Harper's Monthly.*

Notes

IN the *May Century*, in an article entitled 'Blackened Out,' Mr. Kennan will describe the methods of the Russian Press Censor. Two pages of the magazine for August 1889 will be reproduced in fac-simile, showing how the Censor endeavored to prevent Mr. Kennan's article in that number from being read in Russia.

—Mr. William Sharpe's and Mrs. Sutherland Orr's forthcoming biographies of Browning are not the only indications of the demand for Browning literature stimulated by the poet's death. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Kingsland has brought out a second and enlarged edition of his 'Robert Browning, Chief Poet of the Age'; while Dr. Berdoo has published a volume of papers on various scientific aspects of the poet's work, Dr. Furnivall is still pursuing and adding to his researches into Browning's ancestry, and a shilling volume of selections is promised. Mrs. Orr is desirous of securing copies of letters from Browning that possess any biographical value.

—Mrs. Philip H. Welch, widow of the late humorist whose tragic death a year ago called forth so deep an expression of sympathy, has taken charge of a children's department in the Saturday issue of the *Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

—The Hamilton Cole Library was sold by Bangs & Co. this week. In our next number we shall give some account of the sale.

—Hereward the Wake will follow 'Two Years Ago' as the sixth and final volume of the sixpenny edition of Kingsley's novels, of which a million volumes have been printed. In May the Macmillans will bring out a sixpenny edition of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' with illustrations.

—The period of forty-two years for which an American book can be protected by copyright having expired in the case of 'Webster's Unabridged,' a Chicago house has reproduced by photolithography and put upon the market in cheap form the primitive edition of 1847. What sale there can be for a lexicon of over forty years ago in these days of competition and perfection in dictionary-making, only the Chicago publishers will be able to tell.

—'Vigilante Days and Ways,' by ex-Gov. Nathaniel Pitt Langford—one of the pioneers of the Yellowstone region, and author of descriptions in *The Century* (when it was *Scribner's Monthly*) of the wonders of that region and of the ascent of Mt. Hayden,—has just been published by J. G. Cupples Co. of Boston.

—Miss Virginia F. Johnson, author of 'The House of the Musician' and other successful novels, has written a story entitled 'The Treasure Tower,' the scene of which is laid in Malta.

—The equipment of the Hartford Free Library, for which a fund of \$400,000 has just been completed, includes \$200,000 worth of books and manuscripts, the latter being valued at \$30,000. The number of volumes now at hand is not far from 100,000; of these 20,000 belong to the Connecticut Historical Society and upward of 42,000 to the Watkinson Library of Reference. The extensive private library of the Hon. Henry Barnard will be given to the Free Library, and it is expected that 200,000 volumes will be available for public use in the course of five years. The collection of paintings and statuary in the art gallery, which is also to be incorporated in the Free Library, is valued at \$30,000. The whole amount of property that is to be put to use in the development of the new

plan, not counting the fund just completed, will reach the sum of \$400,000. The total available funds for the institution will exceed \$800,000. The ladies who have been instrumental in securing the fund are Mrs. Bulkeley, wife of Gov. Bulkeley; Mrs. Samuel Colt, Mrs. F. W. Cheney, Miss M. D. Ely, Miss C. M. Hewins, Mrs. G. W. Russell, Mrs. J. Aspinwall Hodge, Mrs. George A. Jones, Mrs. W. H. Palmer, Mrs. Franklin G. Whitmore, Miss M. A. Robinson, and Miss Laura B. Durham.

—Mr. Charles Lanier, of the banking-house of Winslow, Lanier & Co., has ordered a bust of his cousin, Sidney Lanier, the poet, to be presented to the Public Library at Macon, Ga. Some time ago he made a similar present to Johns Hopkins University.

—Certain unique features are claimed for *The New York Saturday Evening Gazette*, the first number of which will appear on the 19th inst. It will contain from twelve to sixteen large pages, and comprise literary and family departments (sketches, stories, reviews, etc.), general news up to 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and a commercial and trade department. A well-known journalist, Mr. George Edgar Montgomery, will be its editor.

—Porter & Coates announce 'Disraeli in Outline,' by F. Carrol Brewster—a concise biographical sketch and a careful summary of Disraeli's novels.

—There was a special meeting of the Authors Club on Thursday, April 3, to consider Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$10,000. Mr. Stedman presided, and the club voted unanimously to accept Mr. Carnegie's gift, and passed a resolution declaring that the principal should be kept intact, the interest to be used at the discretion of the Executive Council. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions thanking the donor for his gift.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will publish 'Personal Creeds; or, How to Form a Working Theory of Life,' by the Rev. Newman Smyth; 'The Nature and Method of Revelation,' by Prof. George P. Fisher; and 'The Philosophy of Preaching,' by the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends.

—*The North American Review* has suffered considerably of late by the fact that some newspapers have 'lifted' articles bodily from it without permission. The abuse has become so obnoxious in some cases that Gen. Byrce has been compelled to take legal proceedings for the protection of his copyrights.

—The Alumnae of Wells College met at Sherry's, on Tuesday afternoon, and re-elected Mrs. Cleveland as their President. Dr. Frisbee told his former students of the improved condition of the College, of which he is President. The new building, which he thought would be completed by autumn, will give greatly enlarged accommodations. He had something to say about college athletics, too.

—Mr. G. H. Wilson's 'Musical Year-Book' for 1889-90 will be ready in Boston about May 20.

—The removal of the Mercantile Library from Clinton Hall, Astor Place, to temporary quarters at 67 Fifth Avenue, one door below 14th Street, was begun on Monday. To avoid confusion, all the books of one class are removed before the transfer of those of another class is undertaken. Wooden trays, each holding about ninety books and handled by two men, are placed in large vans and driven over to Fifth Avenue. It is expected that the work will be completed by the end of the month. The top floor and basement of No. 67 will contain the books of reference, the third floor will be the reading-room, and the circulating department will be on the first floor. The reading-room in Astor Place will be kept open until the last week in April.

—An edition of Shakespeare's Works to be known as the Universal is announced by Frederick Warne & Co.

—From March 30 to April 6, inclusive, the New York Free Circulating Library received the following subscriptions:—\$200, Mrs. Samuel P. Avery; \$30, Mrs. R. G. Shaw; \$25 each, James B. Ford, Louis Windmüller, James D. Perkins, Wm. D. Barnes, Robert S. Minturn; \$20, Henri M. Braëm; \$10 each, Robert F. Amend, R. Van der Emde, Charles Miehlung, Walter D. Edmonds, Frederick M. Peyser, R. Pentlarge, Isaiah Josephi, W. E. Curtis, Richard H. Adams, William Meyer; \$5 each, Hermann Gradler and Ludwig Deuss. Total to April 6, \$11,560.

—*The Dial* of Chicago completes its tenth year with the April number. Under the competent editorship of Mr. Francis F. Browne it has maintained a high standard of literary journalism in the Windy City.

—At the recent sale of the Hayward collection of autograph letters in London, a Landor went for one guinea and a Longfellow for three. Another Longfellow brought 2*l.* and a third 10*s.* A Dr. Johnson proved to be worth 8*l.* 5*s.* and a Lamb 18*s.* One of the best prices was 13*l.* for a letter written by Gen. Lee on April 10, 1865, the

day after his surrender. A Lowell brought 2s. and a Mark Twain four. Two Lord Nelsons to Lady Hamilton fetched 29s. and 28s. respectively. The highest priced Kingsley brought 15s. An essay in Lamb's handwriting was sold for 4s. 4s.

—The American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems is the head, was started in 1881 as an 'organized movement to antagonize materialism and other forms of false philosophy.' It has held thirteen summer schools, at which distinguished theologians and scientists have delivered lectures, and has listened to nearly two hundred lectures and several sermons in this city. Its papers are issued bi-monthly in *Christian Thought*. The annual fee is \$5, and payment of \$100 makes one a life-member. There are no expenses for rents, and no salaried officers. The Institute has commenced an endowment fund, to which \$7000 has been paid or pledged. A layman has offered to contribute \$5000 provided \$15,000 more be pledged before the close of this year. There should be little difficulty in meeting this condition.

—Mr. Sutherland Edwards, so *The Athenaeum* says, is writing an historical work on Russia, 'The Romanoffs: Tsars of Moscow and Emperors of Russia.' Mrs. Sutherland Edwards has finished a novel entitled 'The Secret of the Princess,' in which she has endeavored to make use of her knowledge of Russian society, and to supply a truthful and not unfavorable picture of town and country life in Russia in the period immediately preceding the emancipation of the serfs. Mr. Joseph Hatton is also going to bring out a novel dealing with Russia, called 'By Order of the Czar.' Its particular theme is the persecution of the Jews; but Nihilistic conspiracies play a considerable part in the book.

—According to *The Epoch*, Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' is a great favorite in Boston.

She is the owner of one of the largest and handsomest mastiffs in the city, who accompanies his fond mistress on all her walks and rambles. Bayard is his name and he is said to be as magnanimous as his namesake, the chevalier. He is noted for his politeness to smaller and inferior dogs, frequently giving up some choice morsel to mongrel curs. Mrs. Deland's home is a cozy house in one of the oldest but most pleasant streets of the city, where a glimpse of the blue waters of the Charles River may be obtained from a bay-window over the front door. The hall leads into a charming study, where great logs burn and crackle, making the little den ever so attractive. Mrs. Deland is very artistic, as well as poetic, the carvings and decorations of the fire-place having been executed by her own hands. She is now busy writing, to which she devotes the entire morning. Whether a volume of poems or a new novel is to be announced, is not yet whispered in literary circles.

—A recent *Pall Mall Budget* contains the following note:—

Admirers of Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Barnett Smith (a strange collocation of names) must have felt a shock when they read the reports of a recent sale of the poet's autograph letters addressed to the critic. Browning appears to have supplied Mr. Smith with early proofs, and to have given suggestions about the manner in which his work should be treated. He seems also to have been satisfied with 'the generous criticism and prompt notice' which he received from Mr. Smith. This is what Browning said about Mr. Smith's treatment of the second series of 'Dramatic Idylls.' As to the 'Aristophanes Apology,' the poet writes to the critic: 'I am sure if the poem don't succeed it is no fault of yours.' Nor of Browning's! About Mr. Barnett Smith we are sorry to say that we know very little; but of Browning we have no hesitation in saying that he ought to have been above this indefensible kind of log-rolling. And it would have been more decorous if Mr. Smith had suppressed the evidence of an understanding which may have been perfectly innocent, but which must surely make the judicious grieve. Nevertheless the MSS. were put up to sale, and a pretty price they fetched—at the expense of the poet's and the critic's reputation. What would the late Edward Fitzgerald have said of such an arrangement between reviewer and reviewed?

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1524.—Hawthorne, in his conclusion to 'The Marble Faun,' seems to imply that some actual occurrence gave rise to the character of Miriam. In Chapter XXII. he says: 'The reader, if he thinks it worth while to recall some of the strange incidents which have been talked of, and forgotten, within no long time past, will remember Miriam's name.' Will you kindly tell me whether it is supposed that there was some such foundation in fact, and, if so, to what mysterious and tragic event he alludes?

WEST NEW BRIGHTON.

A. E. S.

[We believe this to be a bit of deliberate mystification. For a discussion of the character of Miriam, see page 257 of G. P. Lathrop's 'Study of Hawthorne' (Boston, 1876), where her relation to Beatrice Cenci is dwelt upon at some length.]

1525.—I am told Byron is the author of the following lines, but cannot find them in his works.

Whether it was the stupidity
Of the Engineer,
Or the cupidity of the Contractor
I neither know nor care,
Certain it was there was no solidity
About the batteries erected there.

TORONTO.

M.

1526.—Can you give me any information in regard to these lines, which I have heard sung by a German nurse-maid, who learned them of an English girl? The air was quaint, with a taking lugubriousness:

My coffin should be black,
Three little angels behind my back,
One to sing, and one to pray,
And one to carry my soul away,
When I am all for-dying
When I am all for-dying.

That 'for-dying' made me suspect a very early origin.

NEW YORK FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

M. I. C.

1527.—I. Who is the author of the following lines?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

2. Can you give me the pronunciation of Bulstrode in George Eliot's 'Middlemarch,' according to the best English usage?

NEWTON CENTRE, L. I.

L. W. L.

[I. Last lines of Blanco White's sonnet 'Night and Death.']

ANSWERS

1520.—I think the quotation referred to by 'B. K., New York,' as quoted in Emerson's 'Essay on Manners,' viz.: 'If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on!' to be taken from Sir Walter Scott's 'Waverley,' Chapter XVI., at the end of the ninth paragraph, where Evan Dhu says to Edward Waverley: 'Ah! if you Saxon Duinbèwasel (English gentleman) saw but the Chief [Vich Ian Vohr] with his tail on!' Whereupon Edward echoes, in some surprise, 'With his tail on!' and is answered: 'Yes—that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank,' which is followed by this recital of the several officers of the Chief's retinue:—

There is his *hauchman*, or right-hand man; then his *hàrd*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gilly-moor*, or armor-bearer, to carry his sword and target, and his gun; then his *gilly-coastiusch*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-comstrian*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gilly-trushharnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt, to follow the laird, and do his honor's bidding. 'And does your Chief regularly maintain all these men?' demanded Waverley. 'All these,' replied Evan; 'ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich.'

NEW YORK.

P. C. M. M.

[J. C. R. D. of Rutland, Vt., writes to the same effect.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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| Abel Carl. Sprachverwandschaft. | Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrick. |
| Addison, J. Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. Ed. by Alfred S. Roe. | Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. |
| Aiken, Catharine. Methods for Mind-Training. | Stamford, Conn. |
| Baldwin, J. Harper's School Speaker. First Book. | Harper & Bros. |
| Ball, C. J. The Prophecies of Jeremiah. \$1.50. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Barkan, Louis. How to Preserve Health. | Exchange Printing Co. |
| Boisgilbert, E. Caesar's Column. | Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. |
| Brinton, D. G., and Davidson, T. Giordano Bruno. 75c. | Phila.: David McKay. |
| Burnett, F. H. Little Saint Elizabeth. \$1.50. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Child, Theo. Delicate Feasting. | Harper & Bros. |
| Crooks, G. R. Life of Bishop Simpson. | Harper & Bros. |
| Danvers Jewels, The. 25c. | Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. |
| D. G. H. Polyglot Pronouncing Hand-Book. | Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by L. Stephen and S. Lee. Vol. XXII. \$3.75. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Dumas, A. The Clemenceau Case. Tr. by W. Fléron. 50c. | American News Co. |
| Fitch, J. G. Notes on American Schools, etc. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
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